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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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THE QUESTION OF THE BEHRING SEA.

THE seizure of the British sealing schooner *Black Diamond* in the Behring Sea by the United States revenue-cutter *Rush*, in pursuance of the President's proclamation of March 22, 1889, has been the main topic of recent discussion in the press. This was a seizure far without the three-mile limit of jurisdiction which every maritime power controls. It was a seizure upon the high seas, and the substantial question, in view of a probable demand for explanation, is whether the United States have formally claimed jurisdiction over the Behring Sea as a closed sea, or *mare clausum*. What such a sea is, is perfectly well known. A land-locked sea is defined by VATTEL as one which "must be entirely surrounded by the territory of the nation claiming jurisdiction, and must have no other communication with the ocean than by a channel of which that nation may take possession." This is the accepted description of a *mare clausum* over which a nation has authority. It is affirmed by what is called international law, which is only the acquiescence of great states for their common convenience. Does the Behring Sea conform to this definition, or is it admitted by the common consent of states to be such a sea? The answer to both questions is an unconditional negative.

The Behring Sea on one side is enclosed by the Russian main-land and Russian islands, and the passage between the nearest Russian and American points is one hundred and eighty-three miles broad. This fact answers the first question.

The second is as readily answered. When Russia held all the surrounding land she made a claim of authority over the Behring Sea, which the United States denied and refused to acknowledge. Our demonstration of the case was complete, and Russia did not insist upon the claim. Moreover, we have always asserted the right to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, although it is entirely surrounded by British territory, and the channel between Newfoundland and Cape Breton is only fifty miles broad. As the United States have denied that the Behring Sea is enclosed, no other great power except Russia has asserted it. In 1870, however, the treaty with Russia by which we acquired Alaska defined our water boundary by a line "starting from the Arctic Ocean and running through Behring Strait to the north of St. Lawrence Island," then southwesterly midway between Alton and Copper islands. In 1881 the Treasury Department instructed our naval officers that all the waters within that boundary are considered to be the waters of Alaska Territory. Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration in 1885 adopted this view, and many arrests of British sealers were made. A strong protest followed from the British government, and the vessels were released. In consequence of the release, a great number of British sealers appeared in the sea. Congress then took up the subject, and prohibited the catching of seals within the dominion of the United States in Behring Sea, except by the Alaska Commercial Company. But Congress distinctly refused to claim that the waters of Alaska Territory comprised the whole Behring Sea eastward of the line mentioned in the treaty. The law assumed jurisdiction, but did not define its limits.

The seizures of the sealers now raise the question, Do the United States claim dominion over the Behring Sea east of the line mentioned? If they do, they derive their title solely from Russia. But they have long ago demonstrated that Russia could have no such title. The United States, however, have not claimed, but, on the contrary, by the action of Congress, have declined to claim, a jurisdiction which the common consent of nations, the United States included, has denied. Moreover, the object for which the carefully qualified jurisdiction is asserted is common both to Great Britain and to the United States. It is the protection of the seal fishery, which would be soon exterminated if the ravages which the seizures are intended to prevent should continue. The situation, therefore, is obviously one for the calmest deliberation. The Canadians certainly cannot be allowed to destroy the seal fisheries. But they are not to be restrained by a claim of authority which cannot be maintained. It must be remembered constantly, however, that this claim is not made. We have not yet defined our dominion in the Alaska waters, and we are not likely to make a claim there which would imperil our interests and rights elsewhere. This is evidently the general American view, as expressed by the press on all sides, and a prompt and reasonable adjustment of the question by negotiation would be most honorable to the administration.

THE MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH.

THE celebrations at Plymouth of the landing of the Pilgrims have been the occasion of some famous orations, of which the chief is that of WEBSTER, on the two-hundredth anniversary in 1820. This was followed by the address of EDWARD EVERETT in 1824, and about thirty years later Mr. SEWARD delivered a striking discourse, and at the public dinner which followed, WENDELL PHILLIPS, who spoke at no other dinner that we recall, made a brief and characteristic speech. There have been other very distinguished celebrations of the landing at Plymouth, and the latest, which has just occurred, the dedication of the long-projected monument, was remarkable, apart from any other consideration, for the fact that the orator was a Kentuckian, bred in traditions wholly alien from those of the Puritans, and the poet an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. Whatever the reasons of the selection may have been, it was happy and significant as illustrating the comprehensive nation of many origins which has followed the Pilgrim landing, and whose development thus far has been dominated by the essential principles of the Pilgrims. Mr. BRECKENRIDGE'S oration was an exposition of the general character of the Puritan, and his political convictions and institutions as the source and strength of liberty under law.

The orator had been reared in a society essentially different from that of New England. He had been taught doubtless to look upon Yankee-land with distrust if not aversion. He had been, we believe, a slave-holder, and had appeared in arms to overthrow the Union of which his great predecessor as the orator at Plymouth had been by distinction "the defender." By conviction and association his training and experience had been so different that he might well have felt himself to be a stranger in a strange land, unless he chanced to remember that the charming city in his own State, which was among its earliest settlements, was called Lexington in patriotic commemoration of the rally of New England minute-men for independence upon Lexington Green, in Massachusetts. His oration was dignified, self-respectful, and just. There was no tone of flattery or defiance. In a calm and comprehensive survey of history the orator acknowledged that until 1801 New England dominated the country. Then other views and another spirit prevailed. But again, from 1857 "until a period about which there might be much dispute," New England was leader. Her views are now recognized as the fundamental principles of all freedom; and in the culminating passage of his discourse, the orator said truly, and with admirable qualification, "All will gratefully admit that, humanly speaking, liberty was impossible without New England, even if it were impossible for New England alone."

It is one of the felicities of our national fortune, which Mr. BRYCE mentions as a source of our general optimism, that upon such an occasion and upon that spot an American of the training and career of Mr. BRECKENRIDGE should have spoken such words. It is another striking illustration of the actual Union, of which the years before the war gave us only the spectral image. The vital bond of union is a community of faith and spirit and purpose. It is seeing eye to eye. It is a common conviction of the nature and scope and necessary consequence of fundamental principles. Fifty years ago, when Miss MARTINEAU was in Washington, she discovered, in conversation with the chief statesmen of the day, that there was no real union, and that WEBSTER'S deprecation of its possible dissolution as he ended the reply to HAYNE was due to his forecast of the tragedy. The true Union is rapidly forming. Mr. O'REILLY'S poem was exceedingly significant and interesting as the cordial and appreciative tribute of a Roman Catholic to the Puritans. The speeches of ex-Governor LONG, president of the Pilgrim Society, and of Senator HOAR and Representative LODGE, were all characteristic and worthy of the place and the day. It was indeed an occasion so nationally significant that it is greatly to be regretted that no member of the administration was present.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND REFORM.

IN his speech at the late Plymouth celebration, Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE, who is a strong Republican partisan, said:

> "Of all the evils which beset public life and which destroy the usefulness of parties and of public men, the greatest beyond all doubt is the evil of patronage. It is utterly un-American, it is wrong in theory, it is vicious in practice, and it should be done away with entirely as unworthy of American intelligence, and fit only for the monarchies from which it is inherited."

These are the words, and undoubtedly the conviction, of one of the younger Republican leaders. Mr. ROOSEVELT, another active young Republican, cordially agrees with Mr. LODGE; and the chief of the older Republican leaders, Senator EDMUNDS, is of the same opinion. Secretary WINDOM says that he thinks the enforcement of the law has improved the public service, and he likes to be relieved of the trouble of selecting his clerks. Secretary PROCTOR agrees with Secretary WINDOM. Secretary NOBLE says that he will obey the law as far as it goes, but will not submit to any pretensions of the Commission. Secretary RUSK and Attorney-General MILLER decline to express their opinion. The Republican platform and the declarations of the Republican President before the election accord completely with the views of Mr. LODGE and the conduct of Mr. ROOSEVELT. But the views neither of Mr. LODGE nor of Mr. EDMUNDS, nor the President's pledges, nor the party platform, nor Mr. ROOSEVELT'S honorable course, are in accord with the course of the administration, nor with the general sentiment of the party as expressed in the remarks of the larger number of its active politicians and newspapers who have spoken upon the subject.

Senators BLAIR, INGALLS, FARWELL, and PLUMB; Representatives BROWNE of Indiana, PERKINS of Kansas, CANNON of Illinois, TAYLOR of Ohio, HAUK of Tennessee; the Albany *Journal*, the chief Republican organ for the interior of the State of New York; the Oswego *Times;* the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat;* the Philadelphia *North American;* the Washington *Post;* the Evansville *Journal*, in Indiana; the Manchester *Mirror*, in New Hampshire—are examples of the Republican leaders and newspapers that unite in declaring that the National Republican Convention solemnly pledged the party to a "humbug," thereby agreeing that the party itself upon this question is the most arrant of humbugs. Mr. CLARKSON, the Assistant Postmaster-General, has changed nearly a quarter of the fourth-class postmasters within the first five months of the administration, and holds such action to be his duty. During the same time the President has changed a fifth of the Presidential postmasters. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thinks that fourteen months will suffice for a clean sweep of the fourth-class post-offices. Meanwhile conferences of Republican leaders are held to decide who shall be "recognized" by patronage, and Senatorial place-brokers are constantly passing to and from Washington, the busy agents of a practice which Mr. LODGE describes as un-American, wrong in theory, vicious in practice, unworthy of American intelligence, and fit only for the monarchies from which it sprung—a truth which the Republican platform emphasizes by speaking of "the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage." The situation shows what can hardly be denied, Republican abandonment of the party platform and the pledges of the candidate, and at the same time the strongest expressions of fidelity to them by a few eminent Republican leaders and editors, who, however, are powerless to affect the course of the administration or to stay the wrong which they deplore.

Naturally it is said that a proposition will be made to repeal the law. Such a proposition may be made, as often before, but the law will not be repealed. It is much more likely to be paralyzed by evasions and the refusal of adequate appropriations. The work of the Civil Service Commission, which the late administration greatly embarrassed by retaining Mr. EDGERTON, is largely in arrears, and without proper means its scope cannot be extended. The CLEVELAND administration increased the classified service, or range of places to which the reform rules apply, from about 15,000 to 25,000—an increase which of course implies much larger clerical labor. The reform can be delayed by refusing aid, and it can be discredited and foiled by appointing to the head of classified offices politicians like Postmaster AQUILA JONES, at Indianapolis, under the last administration, or Postmaster WALLACE under this. This is the way in which an administration can do much to nullify a law which it does not wish honorably and in good faith to enforce. To propose the repeal of the reform law would evoke an expression of indignant disapproval which no Republican administration

would wish to face, and alienate an intelligent sympathy and support which the Republican party could not afford. The reform is discredited by the course of the administration, and the spirit and purpose of the law are contemptuously disregarded, but the law will not be repealed.

UNDER WHICH KING?

THE Buffalo *Courier*, one of the leading Democratic journals in New York, gives a rather disconsolate view of its party situation. It says:

"For the Republicans who expect that in the coming Democratic State Convention an element of the party will oppose Governor HILL, disappointment is in store. There are no Democratic dissensions relating to State affairs, and the Convention will undoubtedly be an entirely harmonious body of party representatives. The term for which administrative State officers are to be elected in November will be coextensive with the remaining part of the Governor's present term. Governor HILL's associates in the State administration ought to be in accord with him, and the Democratic party will nominate only candidates for State offices whose co-operation with the Governor will admit of no doubt. Moreover, the Governor's leadership in the coming canvass will be undisputed."

This is undoubtedly good news for the Republicans, for it is the Democratic acceptance of Governor HILL as the representative Democratic leader. No Republican can ask anything better than a straight contest upon Governor HILL as the issue. That was not the situation when he was elected last year. It was the Republican vote given to him in exchange for Democratic votes for HARRISON which explained the defeat in New York of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency with the election of the Democratic Governor. This year the issue of Governor HILL and his political views, purposes, and methods will not be complicated with any enmities of national candidates or doubts of national policies. To use words which are not suggested by his public career, the issue of Governor HILL pure and simple would be gladly hailed by every friend of good government. It is not easy to imagine any opposing candidate who would not be preferable.

Governor HILL represents hostility to ballot reform and high license, which are the real State issues, and the political honesty and methods of Tammany Hall. The latter are undoubtedly set off by those of the Republican machine. But the former are questions of State policy upon which the appeal may well be made to the voters. There is, of course, the usual complication of State and national considerations. Many Democratic friends of reform would fear that Democratic defeat in New York would be interpreted as a verdict against tariff revision, and that view they would regard as a greater evil even than success in the State under the Governor's leadership. On the other hand, there is an important body of Democrats who regard Governor HILL as the cause of Mr. CLEVELAND's defeat, and the consequent discredit of the national policy of the party, and who would see in his success as the acknowledged leader of this year's campaign in New York a perilous omen for the election of 1892. The Governor is the Democratic Old Man of the Sea, and the Buffalo *Courier* perhaps thinks that the only practicable way at present is to let him ride lest he should throttle the party. The result last year has shown both his apparent power and his disposition to use it for Governor HILL rather than the party. The attempt to get rid of him might be fatal. Therefore, hurra for HILL!

It is probably plain enough to every sensible Democrat in the State that it is the apparently instinctive preference of the party for representatives like Governor HILL rather than Mr. CLEVELAND which explains its fate. Had the party cordially supported President CLEVELAND in conforming his administration to his known convictions of the necessity of reform, it would not now in New York be looking to Governor HILL as its leader. It is because men like Governor HILL are so often its chosen representatives that the old distrust still clings to it so closely. The NICOLAY and HAY *Life of Lincoln*, in its vivid annals of the war, recalls the spirit and conduct in that party which strengthened and deepened that distrust. Its long exclusion from power was ended by the nomination of a candidate who was wholly free from its old noxious traditions. But his re-election was defeated by the ascendency of those old traditions in his own State. The Buffalo *Courier* now serves notice that the party is to be united under a leadership which is reactionary, and hostile to the whole impulse of reform in State administration. It is a defiance which, should it be justified by the event, the intelligent reform sentiment of the State ought to accept. Every friend of ballot reform, of high license, of good government, ought to strive to defeat the election of candidates nominated to aid Governor HILL in his resistance to wise reforms.

SOMEBODY MUST BEGIN.

MR. PATRICK A. COLLINS, a Democratic leader in Massachusetts, says that "four years of these disappointments [in matters of patronage] have convinced me that patronage is a weakness rather than strength to a party." Whether Mr. COLLINS when in Congress sought to strengthen his party by refusing to take part in the distribution of spoils, we do not know. Mr. LODGE, now a Representative from Massachusetts, holds the same views of patronage which Mr. COLLINS expresses, and Mr. REED, of Maine, a prominent candidate for the next Speakership, says, sarcastically, "We managed to get our district out of the doubtful list last fall, but it looks as though, with the help of the post-offices, we shall be able to put it back again."

Whether Mr. LODGE or Mr. REED endeavors to keep the party out of the doubtful list by declining to dabble in post-offices, we are not informed. But it is evident that if reasonable methods approved by these gentlemen are to supersede the vicious ones now in use, then, as the farm boy said to his comrade when they were sent to bring in a cross cow, "Somebody's got to begin."

JUDGE COOLEY'S DECISION.

JUDGE COOLEY, of Michigan, the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and one of the most eminent constitutional lawyers in the country, has declined the offer to enter the railroad service at a very large salary, and he will remain in the service of the United States. This is a patriotic sacrifice which the country will appreciate. It secures to the public service a man of great ability and of the highest character, and it fosters greater respect for a service the honor of which is not enhanced by the practice of treating it as a reward of mere partisan activity.

One "improvement" of Judge COOLEY's case is timely. Had he been removed to make a vacancy to be filled by a man of different political views, the removal would have been regarded generally as a folly and an outrage. The country knows that its interests require such a man in such a place, and that to remove him merely to appoint another man, who might or might not be of equal ability, but who would certainly lack his experience, would lead to the most mischievous results. But this is equally true in its degree of every efficient and experienced postmaster whom the President and the Postmaster-General are turning out as fast as practicable.

THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

GOVERNOR LOWREY, of Mississippi, is resolved that he will discharge his duty and deliver to the courts an offender who flagrantly defied the laws which he is sworn to enforce. In pursuance of his demand, SULLIVAN the pugilist was surrendered and brought to Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. His journey and arrival had the air of a triumph. An immense crowd received him at the station, and he was escorted to the hotel, where the pressure of the mob to see him was so great and persistent that "Colonel HAMILTON" at last introduced him to the crowd from "the grand stairway," and the hero was received with acclamation, and "shook hands with hundreds," until he found that it would be impossible personally to greet all his admirers, and so withdrew.

After bathing, and then dining in the private rooms of the hotel, the distinguished guest of the State, at the invitation of the Governor, repaired to the jail, where he was suitably accommodated. His trial will be apparently a general festival; and should he be insolently sentenced to any penalty, it will be probably regarded by the Jackson mob as a persecution entitling him to their deeper reverence.

The renown of the hero will be evidently augmented by the endeavor of the Governor to enforce the laws and to maintain the honor of his State. If convicted of a breach of the law, no discredit will attach to him. The only result will be the proof that the law outruns public opinion. No recent event in the country has aroused such profound and universal interest. It has been proved that the question of the Behring Sea, of the rules of the House, of prohibition, of a Congressional election law, of the Canadian fisheries, are totally unimportant to the multitudes that hang upon the bulletin-boards, compared with that of the ability of SULLIVAN to mash KILRAIN to a jelly before KILRAIN could mash SULLIVAN.

THE LAST COLUMBIAN CENTURY ANNIVERSARY.

MR. GEORGE H. MOORE gives, in the New York *Times*, an interesting account of the celebration in New York of the third centennial of the discovery of America. A writer in a New York journal of the 18th of August, 1792, calls attention to a suggestion in a Philadelphia paper that the great day is at hand, and urging a fitting celebration of "the Columbian centuary anniversary." A fortnight later the same paper stated that on the 3d of August, the date of the sailing of COLUMBUS from Palos, a gentleman laid the corner-stone of a memorial obelisk in a Baltimore garden. But already, in the previous December, 1791, JEREMY BELKNAP had proposed a celebration to the Massachusetts Historical Society, which occurred accordingly on the 23d of October, 1792.

New York, however, anticipated Boston, and a contemporary account states that

"the 12th inst., being the commencement of the IV. COLUMBIAN CENTUARY, was observed as a Centuary Festival by the Tammany Society, and celebrated in that stile of sentiment which distinguishes this social and patriotic institution."

This is the same Tammany which is known to us as the source of every form of political corruption, and the seat of resistance to every measure of political progress.

"An elegant oration was delivered by Mr. J. B. JOHNSON, in which several events in the life of this remarkable man were pathetically described, and the interesting consequences to which his great achievements had already and must still conduct the affairs of mankind were pointed out in a manner extremely satisfactory. During the evening's entertainment a variety of national amusement was enjoyed."

"A portable monumental obelisk," fourteen feet high, was displayed, with suitable inscriptions, and was afterward placed in Mr. BOWEN's Museum and Wax-work at the Exchange. Upon the same day in the following year Mr. BOWEN announced that it would be exhibited, "elegantly illuminated," for three evenings, the doors being opened at candle-light, and the exhibition closing at nine o'clock. Such were the simple observances of a hundred years ago, which it is supposed will be surpassed by the commemoration of 1892.

A PIPE SMOKED OUT.

THE whole vote at the late election in France for the local councils was 2,258,000, of which 258,000 were cast for General BOULANGER. He carried about one in twelve of the districts which he selected as probably friendly to him. THACKERAY used to say, ruefully, of the end of certain little flirtations with the fair, "That little pipe is smoked out." The phrase would well describe the present condition of BOULANGER's flirtation with France. His plan of campaign was revolution by plebiscite. He proposed to obtain a majority of the votes of the electors in enough districts to show that he was the favorite son of France, when he hoped probably that the government, like Captain CROCKETT's 'coon, would "come down."

This is a much better way of carrying on a revolution than that of a century ago. It recalls the scheme of Mr. DORR in 1842 in Rhode Island. The charter of that day limited the number of voters. But Mr. DORR invited all male adults, under certain simple conditions, to express their views of his constitution by a vote. Many of the legal voters joined his friends at the polls for the purpose of expressing a desire of change, and the result was an actual majority of such adults in the State. Of course the vote had no legal validity, but Mr. DORR treated it as a valid action of the majority of the people of the State, by which his constitution became the fundamental law. The "DORR rebellion" followed, which was his endeavor to enforce by arms what he held to be the fundamental law.

The result in France will not lead necessarily to the disappearance of BOULANGER, but it shows that he has little personal prestige left. His prominence, however, was not due to his personal qualities nor to any policy which he represented, but to discontent with the situation. He was selected as its representative, because as Minister of War he had ingratiated himself with the army by a system of constant small favors, which soldiers appreciate, but not by heroic and successful leadership, or by qualities which arouse enthusiasm.

PERSONAL.

MR. GLADSTONE's habits of life are very simple, although busy. He rises about 6.30 o'clock, breakfasts on bacon and eggs or a little fish and tea, and then goes to his library to skim over the newspapers. From 9 to 1 o'clock he receives callers. A light lunch follows, and then he is driven directly to Parliament. He usually dines quietly at home at 7.30 in the evening, the food being simple and the wines light, and then he returns to the House. Unless there is to be an important division, he is at home and in bed by 11 o'clock. Mr. GLADSTONE has a fondness for his old clothes, and when new ones are bought for him his wife has to resort to diplomacy to make him wear them. When he speaks in the House he loosens his collar, turns up his wristbands, and unbuttons his waistcoat, his gestures becoming exceedingly vigorous as he warms up.

—Captain L. G. SHEPARD, commander of the revenue-cutter *Rush*, whose seizure of the Canadian sealing vessel *Black Diamond* has brought him into recent prominence, has been in the revenue marine service since 1866, and has served through all the grades from third lieutenant to captain. He is a native of Massachusetts, and is regarded as a cool and brave officer.

—The late FRANCIS L. CAPEN, of South Boston, was a weather prophet of more than local prominence, and his prognostications were oftentimes reliable. He predicted the earthquake period of August, 1886, and the eruption of Vesuvius in 1871, when, with other scientists, he was attending an astronomical observation at Gibraltar. Mr. CAPEN was a graduate of Harvard College, and his predictions were always based on careful observations.

—HANNIBAL HAMLIN is eighty-one years old, but preserves his vitality and strength to a remarkable degree. He loves to work in the big flower garden and orchard which surround his cozy home at Bangor, Maine, and not infrequently takes walks of ten or fifteen miles in a day.

—Father NATHANIEL CHASE, one of the best Bible students in the country, and a famous "Millerite," has just died at Andover, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-nine years. For nearly half a century he had been expecting the world to come to an end. On one occasion he gave away several thousand dollars' worth of property and donned an ascension robe, in anticipation of the "second coming."

—A strange coincidence is noted in the death of General HENRY DUPONT, head of the well-known gunpowder manufacturing firm, in that he died in the same house in Wilmington, Delaware, on August 8th, where, exactly seventy-seven years before (August 8, 1812), he was born.

—Cadet WHITTAKER, whose color brought him into public notice when he was at West Point, has become the principal of a colored school at Sumter, South Carolina.

—CARL SCHURZ and Dr. HANS KUDLICH, both political refugees of 1848, have gone back to Germany together this summer. Another of Mr. SCHURZ's compatriots in the German revolt, FREDERICK WILLIAM FLEISHER, has recently died at New Britain, Connecticut, where he lived.

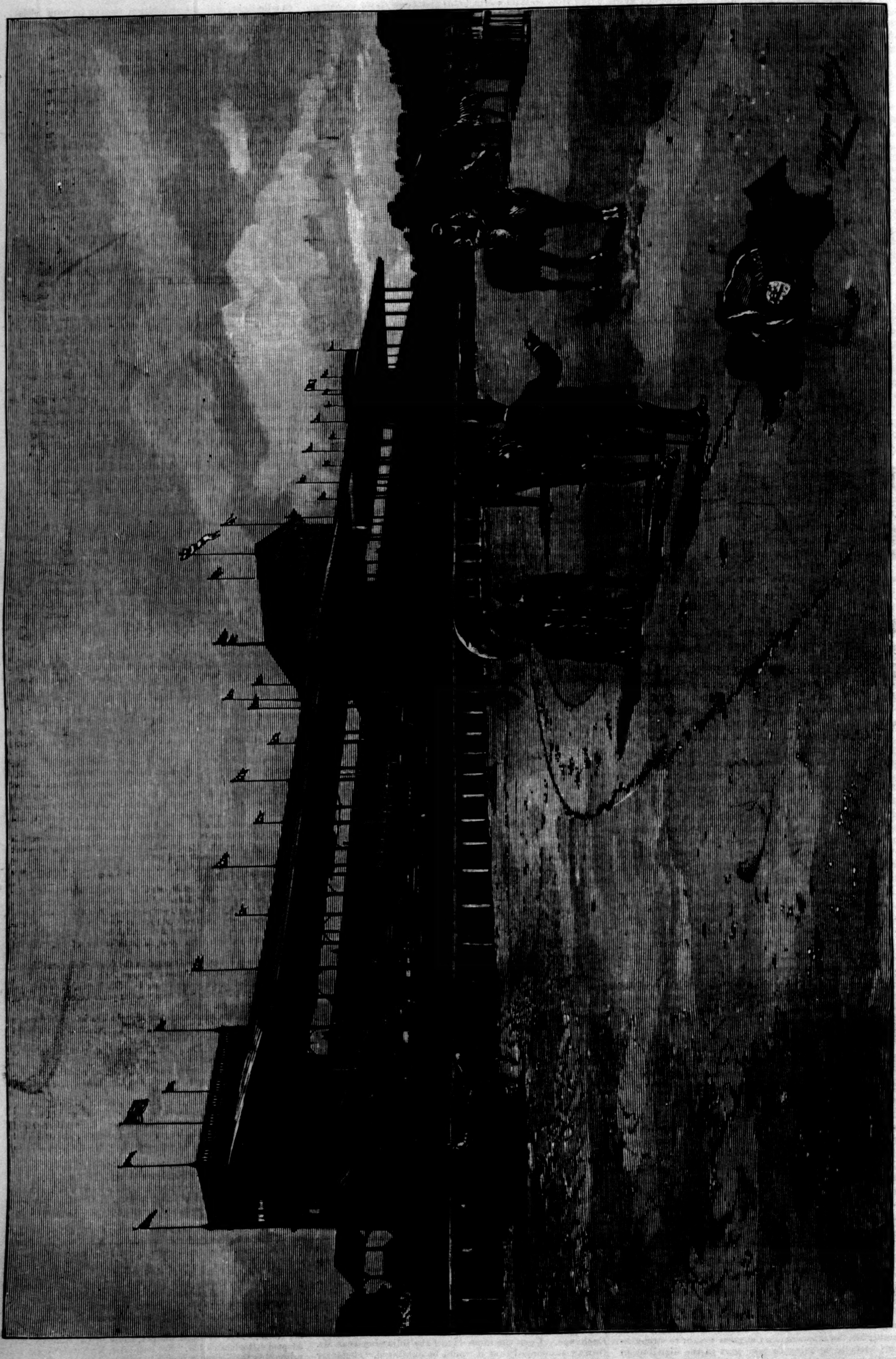
—NOADIAH M. HILDRED, who recently died at North Chatham, New York, at the age of seventy-three years, was an odd sort of stick, with a craze for mastering languages. He could read and understand fifty different languages and dialects, and was still studying when he died. He was formerly a merchant, but of late years had led a retired life.

—Professor HUXLEY has nearly recovered from his recent breakdown, but still has to be careful how he taxes his strength.

—A statue is soon to be erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago, to LA SALLE the explorer, by Hon. LAMBERT TREE. LA SALLE camped in 1682 on the site of Chicago, and was the first man to descend the Mississippi to its mouth.

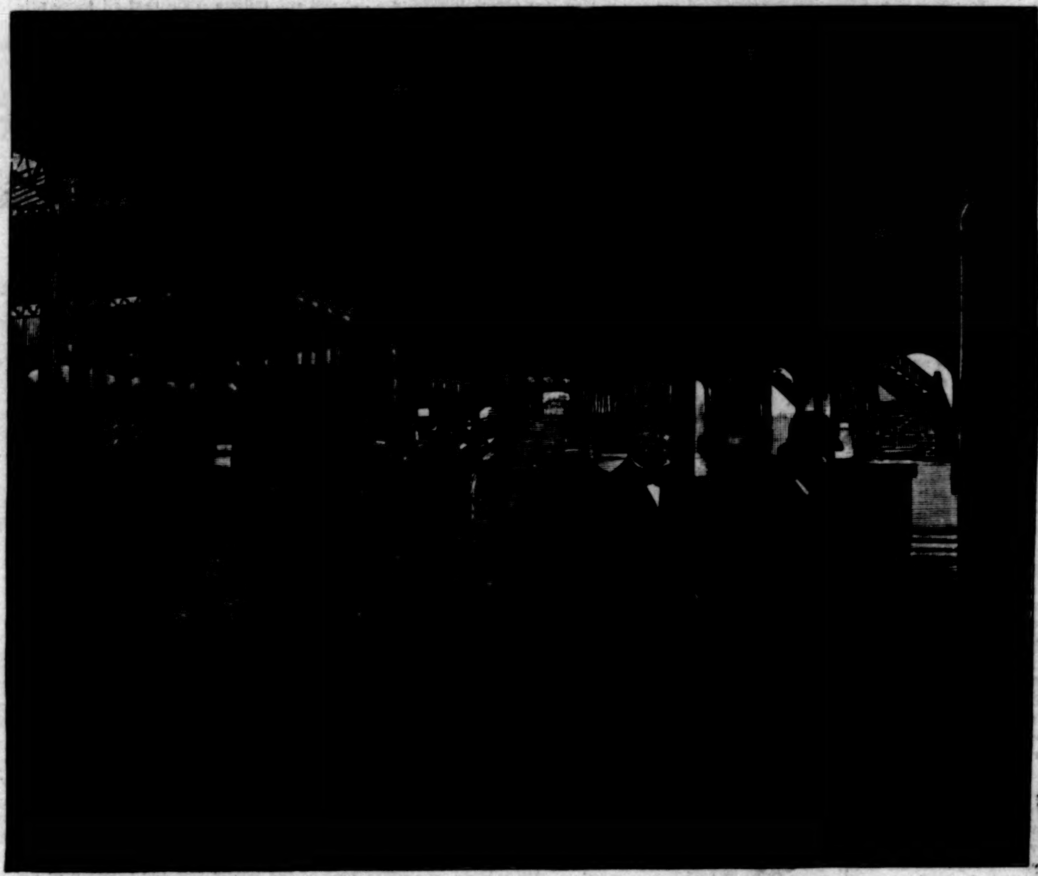
—F. WILLIAM SEUF, one of the cleverest violin-makers in the world, has just passed away at his home in Baltimore, Maryland. He was a man of gigantic stature, and many years ago was a cuirassier in the Prussian army.

—Rev. CALVIN FAIRBANK, an aged clergyman now living in Angelica, Alleghany County, New York, was a Kentucky school-teacher back in 1840, and gained the enmity of slave-holders by saving a beautiful quadroon slave-girl, one of his pupils, from being sold South. He raised money enough among Northern friends—SALMON P. CHASE being a contributor—to buy the girl, set her free, and send her North, where GAMALIEL BAILEY, editor of the *National Era*, adopted and educated her. Not long after, Mr. FAIRBANK was imprisoned in the Kentucky penitentiary and severely flogged, on the charge of aiding slaves to escape.



THE GRAND STAND AND RACE-TRACK OF THE NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB—PREPARING FOR THE OPENING.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 657.]

THE SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL ARCH, TO BE ERECTED IN BROOKLYN.—From the Original Design.—[See Page 663.]



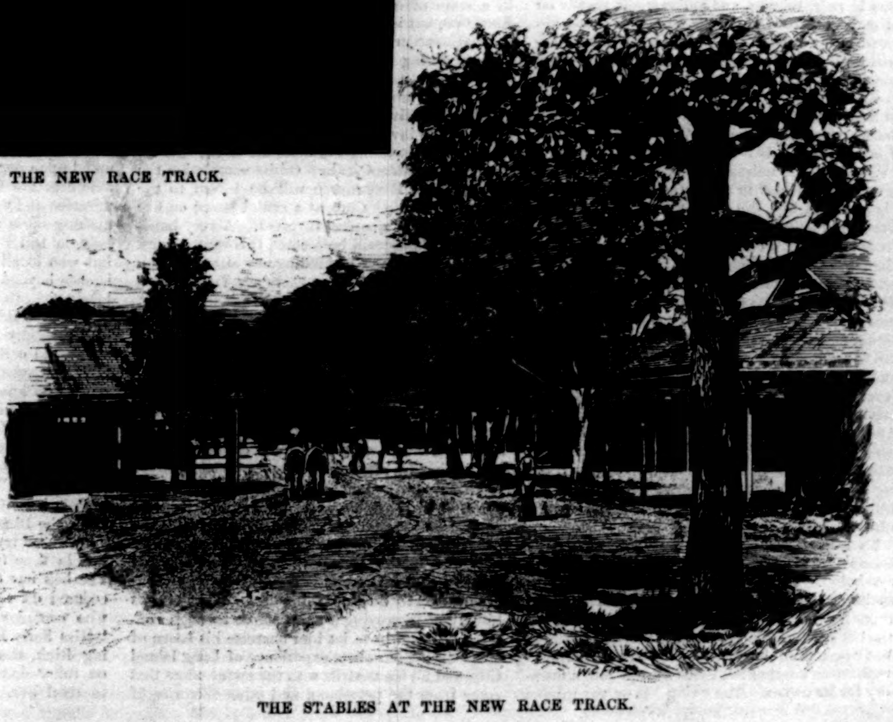
THE BETTING RING UNDER THE GRAND STAND AT THE NEW RACE TRACK.

THE NEW YORK JOCKEY CLUB.

The New York Jockey Club begins its inaugural meeting on Tuesday at the new track in Westchester. The meeting will open with each event crowded with entries, the lusty sporting infant having outdone its older rivals by putting up $86,500 in purses for the crack horses of the country to come to Westchester village and contend on the club's superb track. This is the largest sum of money ever offered at one meeting by any club in America, and seems to be characteristic of the new club's management, as everything they have done in connection with the track and improvements is on a scale of equal liberality.

The officers of the New York Jockey Club are: Leonard W. Jerome, president; Charles E. Coddington, treasurer; and T. Hermann Kock, secretary. Mr. Jerome is also president of the Coney Island Jockey Club, and was the chief spirit in the organization of the famous old American Jockey Club, and the founder of Jerome Park. At the track the superintendency is in the hands of Mr. W. Percy Ward, an English gentleman, lately an officer in the "Cameronians," one of Queen Victoria's celebrated "fighting regiments." Mr. Ward brings to his present congenial duties the experience gained from close observation of the management of the principal tracks of England.

That an ardent rivalry will develop between the American and New York Jockey clubs is a certainty; in fact, the two associations have announced their autumn meeting for the same days in October. This is to be regretted, in the interest of that harmony and good-fellowship that ought to exist between two rival organizations pursuing the same line of pleasure and profit; but the fault cannot be laid at the door of the New York club, as it was very willing to arrange with the American for alternate racing days at each track, but the latter refused to treat upon the matter. It is believed by many, and the belief is fostered by members of the American, that the New York club was intended to rival the former from its inception. The fact is that the Westchester track was conceived by Mr. Jerome at the time when the Villa Site and Improvement Company, who own Jerome Park, had informed him unofficially that the property was about to be sold to the city for a reservoir site, thus leaving the American Jockey Club without a home or track. So certain were they that Jerome Park would be lost to them, the club declined to admit new members, and even allowed some of their buildings to fall into a state of dilapidation. Mr. Jerome had in the mean time found the only available site within a reasonable distance of the city, and it was purchased by Mr. John A. Morris, upon the understanding with Mr. Jerome that it was to be improved as a race-course and leased to the American Jockey Club. Mr. Morris, who is himself an enthusiastic horse owner, began the improvements at once, and had them well under way when the negotiations between the city authorities and the Villa Site company fell through. The American club were then assured of another lease, and of course preferred to stay where they were. It was then that the New York Jockey Club project was born in the brain of Mr. Jerome, for the avowed purpose of taking an elephant off the hands of Mr. Morris, the existence of which Mr. Jerome felt himself responsible for. Before this was done, however, Mr. Morris made several fruitless efforts to make some arrangement with the Jerome Park owners. He offered for a controlling interest a higher price than the stock has ever sold at. Again, he offered to lease the park for five years at a rental of five per cent. on the capital stock, $750,000, intending, if the lease was granted, to invite the American club to move over to his new track. He was unable to make any terms, when the New York Jockey Club took definite shape and purpose, and to-day looms up on the



THE STABLES AT THE NEW RACE TRACK.

horizon of the racing stable owner with such a setting of big rolls of money behind it that the horseman is very apt to keep his eyes fixed that way.

It is to be hoped that the American Jockey Club will maintain its organization and reputation. It was the only club of its kind in the East that had any standing, and the wealth and public spirit of its founders encouraged the breeding and form of the present peerless American running horse. It is now twenty-three years since Leonard W. Jerome first contemplated his proud success as organizer of the new club, and the honor accorded him in giving the track his name. Horse-racing was at a stand-still, excepting between the trotters, and the breeding of the delicate, clean-limbed thorough-bred was a discouraging pursuit. The civil war had depleted, wholly or in part, the purses of the Kentucky breeders, and though they still had the "blue grass hills" whereon to fortify the blood of their stock, the necessity existed of a pecuniary fortification for themselves. The ready wealth of the country at that time was mostly centred about New York and the larger Eastern cities, and in that direction, therefore, the Kentuckian looked for his stimulation, and the American Jockey Club became a "means toward an end" that resulted in the salvation of the blue-grass stock farms. The wealth and sporting spirit of the earlier members of the club, and the establishment of racing stables by many of them, encouraged a renewed interest in running horses that had lain entirely dormant for more than twenty years previously. From that awakening this interest has developed into a popular demand that supports racing all the year round wherever the climatic conditions are favorable. It is rapidly becoming as thoroughly a national sport with the American as it has been with the Englishman for centuries.

The Westchester race-course is situated just the same distance from the City Hall as is Jerome Park—twelve miles. It is in the midst of a beautiful rolling country, and surrounded by rural features as yet unmarred by any sights or sounds that suggest the high walls and hard pavements of the big city near by. The facilities for reaching the track by rail are as yet incomplete, but next season this difficulty will be obviated, and the most convenient means of transit provided for. As it is, the Harlem and Portchester branch of the New York and New Haven road drops you right at the main entrance, in the rear of the grand stand. This is about as convenient as are the means for reaching Jerome Park, the only difference being that in going to Westchester you change cars at the Harlem River instead of at the Grand Central Depot, as formerly. The approaches for carriages are through delightful country roads, lined on either side by stately trees and handsome suburban residences. The land purchased by Mr. Morris was a succession of hills, vales, and meadows, and in one spot a hill of solid rock, which it was necessary to blast entirely out to make way for the upper turn in the full course. The whole field now presents practically a level surface, and a person standing at the rail at any point on the course can see every horse and rider in a race from start to finish.

The main feature of a race-course, from a business or sporting stand-point, is the track itself; a more important one to the ladies and amusement lovers is the grand stand, and the comforts it may offer. The designing of the grand stand was the work of William H. Day and Thomas R. Jackson, architects, assisted by the suggestions of the members of the executive committee, all of whom had "ideas" on the subject. This was Mr. Day's first essay at architecture of this character, but Mr. Jackson had already designed the grand stands and laid out the tracks of both the American and Coney Island Jockey clubs; and to Thomas R. Jackson, as supervising architect and engineer, is due the credit for the production of the most completely perfect race-course in all America; and it is said upon authority that there is not one in all Europe so complete in all its details. The grand stand, viewed from the track in front, is a vast and most imposing structure, 650 feet in length and 150 feet in depth. It is of the Pompeiian order of architecture, and the decorations are consistently in colorings of the same order of rich tints in reds, browns, and yellows. It stands on an eminence 100 feet back from the track, approached by a beautiful sloping lawn of rich-colored grass; the structure is practically a two-story one, and is built of pressed and glazed brick up to the line of the main floor, and all above that in iron, excepting only the floor itself, which is a double one of yellow pine, three inches thick. The roof of iron is built on the cantilever principle, so that the nuisance of posts intervening at a critical moment in the race is almost entirely obviated; in fact, the spectators in the rear seats have fully as good a view as those in front, and from any point on the grand stand every foot of the track can be plainly seen. Eighteen rows of roomy, comfortable arm-seats, arranged terrace-like, one above the other, furnish sitting accommodations for ten thousand people, not one of whom needs to rise from his seat to see every detail of each race. A promenade thirty feet wide, and running the whole length of the stand in the rear of the seats, serves several thousand more people with ample room, and an excellent view. Another particularly good feature is that after noon the sun passes over the roof of the grand stand, and remains shining on the rear only, doing away with a most unpleasant experience for ladies with delicate complexions or gentlemen with weak eyes.

To the venturesome youth who "follows the horses" as a pursuit in life the betting ring is a revelation. He probably does not appreciate the æsthetic beauty or the convenience of his surroundings, as his sordid soul looks at nothing but the book-makers' best odds, and listens to nothing but "tips" and the clang of the "French mutual" register as another five dollars drops into a memory for its owner. The "ring" is on the ground level, directly underneath the grand stand, and is 350 feet in length by 150 feet in width; it is open on all sides, giving a delightful circulation of air in the summer season. A floor of colored concrete, handsomely laid in panels, is both dry and cool under the feet, and the book-makers' stalls are tastefully fitted in natural woods of the same general style as the structure itself. In this room also is an immense bar and refreshment counter, while at the lower end is a spacious ladies' dining-room, securely partitioned off from the noises and excitement of the betting ring. The catering privileges have been presented by the club to Mr. Nelson, of Cortlandt Street, on condition that all edibles be of the very best quality, served in the best of style, and on a basis of the prices charged at any of the first-class city restaurants.

"It's the ideal race-track," said that eminent authority Captain John H. Coster, on viewing the Westchester course. A. J. Cassatt and D.D. Withers echoed the captain's remark. There are two complete tracks, one a three-quarter mile straightaway, the only one in America, therefore a big feature of the course; and the other a mile and a half with two turns, or a mile and a quarter with one turn. This is somewhat elliptical in shape, with a long back stretch, a rather short turn, and a homestretch of nearly 2400 feet in length. This latter recommends itself to horse owners as enhancing the safety of their high-priced racers, and to jockeys because of the much lesser risk of their necks: a homestretch of 2400 feet lessens the necessity for the jockeys to crowd to the front on the last turn, and in a large measure obviating the danger of falls, and also the chances for getting "pocketed." On a track of this kind owners are more ready to enter and run their most valuable horses in a big field, when on one of the old style "circus-ring" tracks they would not feel warranted in running the risk of injury unless the stakes and purse were of very large proportions. This course is 90 feet wide on the turn and 200 feet at the finish. The straightaway three-quarter track will be a valued boon to the owners of promising but frisky juveniles. Many a nervous filly has been sacrificed by its owner because of his despairing of getting any show for his horse in the ruck and rush of a scramble round the turn, and not caring to carry it over a season; this man will particularly appreciate the straightaway.

Starter J. F. Caldwell believes that his work at starting big fields of horses on these tracks is reduced to a comparative minimum, as jockeys naturally are disinclined to take the chances of a fine or "ruling off" for tricky starts when they have these long stretches before them, where they can get in their "head-work."

That the laying, grading, and draining of the track has been most skilfully engineered was attested when it was visited by a turf critic a few weeks ago. He went over the track within six hours after the cessation of one of the heaviest rainfalls of the year, and it was dry as punk on the surface. Monmouth Park at the same time was pastern deep in mud, while Jerome Park track was covered with water in some places. A new departure is the placing of the judges' stand at the front of the grand stand lawn, and about on a line with the horses' heads; this materially aids correct decisions in a nose-and-nose finish.

The stables accommodate over nine hundred horses, each in a commodious and well-ventilated box-stall. Every group of stables has a dining-room, kitchen, and bedroom for trainer and jockey, and the stable hands bunk over their charges. Many of the stables are most picturesquely situated underneath big spreading elms and chestnuts, presenting delightful contrasts to the barrack-like shanties that some of the racing associations furnish for their equine guests. The saddling shed in the paddock is of iron, with a cantilever roof, and having no awkward pillars or posts against which a "saddle-bad" horse is likely to injure himself.

The enormous cost of this stupendous enterprise has been up to date over $1,500,000, all of which has been borne by Mr. John A. Morris; and the outlay is not yet over by any means, as it is now estimated by Treasurer Coddington that $1,750,000 will be required to put everything in a state of completion. The land alone cost $300,000, but is now worth much more, property in that section having enhanced in value very rapidly during the last two years. Such an expenditure on a race-track has never been heard of before by any club or company, much less by one single individual. Mr. Morris believes he has a profitable investment, along with the pleasure he feels in extending the interests of the turf on such a magnificent scale. On its completion the Westchester Race-course will be leased to the New York Jockey Club, at a rental based on five per cent. on the capital invested. A very handsome club-house will be erected this winter, work on the grand stand forbidding any attention to it this season.

Scott Thompson.

AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

"No, don't repeat it again. I have heard it often enough. If you doubt whether the American people knows how to amuse itself, come with me." He was not altogether an intractable person, this student of our national characteristics; and seizing him figuratively by the button-hole—practically by the arm—I dragged him aboard the Hunter's Point ferry-boat. Arrived at that famous locality, and cautioning him for the time being to put his nose in his pocket, I soon had him spinning over the merry little open-windowed railroad that leads across the great salt swamp geographically known as Jamaica Bay. Perhaps by way of increasing a great effect through contrast, I should have let him exercise his sense of smell during our short experience of Long Island City, and fill his nostrils with the awful odors that come from the petroleum and other factories of that renowned place, in order to secure better appreciation of the delicious breath of the salt-marshes that greets one as soon as the shores of the "bay" are reached.

Rockaway Beach, let it be said for the benefit of those who have never visited the sandy strip of pleasure-ground so familiar to New-Yorkers, is a long reach of sand lying between old ocean and the south shore of Long Island, and not more than twelve miles distant from the great city. It is nothing more nor less than a huge sand-bar that contrives to keep itself out of water during the highest tides, and upon which some very rank grass and a few stunted trees contrive to grow. But behind it lies a strip of water where great excursion boats as well as small craft may find a safe anchorage, where still-water bathing may be had, blue-fish caught and crabs ensnared, where, in fact, all the delights and luxuries of a smooth and glassy bay may be enjoyed, while with a few minutes' scamper one can at any time stand on the surf-beaten shore in the presence of the wide and limitless deep. It is little wonder that Rockaway Beach should be a great resort, a delicious playground, during all the summer months, for the worn and heated denizens of the great metropolis.

Where shall we stop? There are a number of stations, for a railroad strikes the beach at its eastern end, and turning cityward, runs along parallel to the surf for a mile or more. All along the line are hotels and pavilions, and liberty of choice among them, every variety of taste being accommodated, from that of the lover of his species, who can only be happy amid a crowd, to that of the follower of Zimmermann, who loves to roam the sea-beaten strand beyond the gaze of man. We, however, have come out to see the great American people—"the world and his wife"—out on a pleasure-jaunt, and so we will leave our train at the Sea-side House, the largest hotel, the most popular resort, and the centre of all the life and gayety at Rockaway. On the right, as we forsake our car, lies an enormous expanse of wooden platform, the centre of which is occupied by a gay pagoda. This proves, on familiar acquaintance, to be a miniature drug-store. Pictorial signs on every side announce the deliciousness of the soda-water, ginger-beer, and other thoroughly temperance drinks to be enjoyed, while the array of serious-looking bottles, and the learned expression of the clerk within, suggest that here may be found specifics of every kind for any ill that may attack humanity while luxuriating at the beach. Beyond the pagoda stands the hotel. A short walk across the boarded platform brings us to it. Here we may find all the hospitality that a sea-side hotel can offer: meals at all hours; a bed, if we would stay the night; and if we have not been able to subdue our thirst at the pagoda, an ample opportunity to do so.

But we have not come to shut ourselves up in any hotel, however attractive. Turning backward, we cross the railroad track again, and find ourselves in the main street of this summer city. It is a curious scene. Before us lies the sea; on either side, all the devices that imagination and experience can suggest for amusing a holiday crowd from a great city. What are these two obtrusive figures on our right? Two cows? Certainly. To all appearance two lusty well-to-do milch cows. That they are only wooden figures is not apparent at first sight, and if it were, what a concession it is to the common-sense and tender feeling of the great multitude who come here to escape from the heat and noise and weariness of the great city! These big wooden cows, who have borrowed the skins of real animals to cover the nothingness of their arboreal interior, are in reality an advertisement of the "milk at 3 cts. per glass" offered for the refreshment of the army of little folk, who are always thirsty and ready to enjoy a great foaming glass of this wholesome fluid as their first introduction to the day's pleasures.

It is now an *embarras de richesse*. What will you do? On our left is a merry-go-round, a score or more of well-behaved steeds, revolving by means of a crank to the music of a hand-organ. Well, we are too old for that diversion, and will pass it by. Do you want to acquire a cane to aid your feeble footsteps through this land of delights? Pay ten cents; take up the magic ring and toss it so as to fall upon the one of the canes in yonder group that you fancy. The probabilities are that you will secure any but the one you aimed at; but never mind! the game is an honest one, and unless you are very awkward, you will have something for your money.

What next? The "Museum" is making a demand upon our attention. What is this remarkable creature who serves as a suggestion to the miracles and wonders to be seen within? She is nothing more nor less than a very pretty young lady, in full flush of healthful youth and vigor, but who to all appearance has no corporate existence beyond her waist. She is all a young and lovely girl can be, except for her very abrupt ending. If we did not know what the magical effects of a carefully arranged set of mirrors might be, we should certainly regard this young lady as a most remarkable *lusus naturæ*. But then you see we do know. I think we will not enter the Museum. The "Boy with the Elephant Legs," "the Serpent from Asia"—an unhappy old snake just at the point of death—the "Circassian Girl," whose clothes seem as old as those of the "Egyptian Mummy," and who apparently never had a bath in her life, are all too familiar to those who know the Dime Museum of the Bowery.

Shall we try the Skating Rink? Ah! we are just in time for the cream of the performance. The bell has rung, and all ordinary skaters are ordered off the floor. Who is this little fairy who occupies the great arena alone? She is "Miss Fairy Fulkerson," the Queen of the Skating Rink, the little maid whose performances on roller-skates put to shame all who attempt to rival her. With the eyes of the multitude fixed upon her, the little maid sails back and forth, turns and twists, executes the "grape-vine twist" and the "double grape-vine twist," until one is bewildered in the maze, and wonders how—the clumsy skate considered and the great friction on the rough boards—any childlike thing can so flash and twinkle and execute such miracles of motion.

Well, by avoiding the merry-go-rounds, the soda-water stalls, the rifle gallery (where one may shoot just so many times at the great target for a nickel), the photograph gallery, and many other attractions, we have at last reached the sea. What is going on here? Ah! Miss Louise Batts, a young aeronaut, is to make a balloon ascension this afternoon. Shall we stay to watch her? We know her record. Last Thursday she rose in her balloon to the height of a thousand feet, descending with the aid of a parachute. The adventurous lady came down out at sea, but a row-boat armed by powerful men promptly rescued her, and so she is here ready to make her perilous flight again. Fifty thousand people, they tell us, witnessed the wonderful performance, so you can estimate the number of eyes about here to-day.

Are you hungry after all these experiences? What shall we do? Go out on the long pier and have our luncheon served there, or take it, in the true Rockaway spirit, under yonder tiny tent, where clams roasted in a wood fire are the delicacy *par excellence*, the truly distinguishing characteristic of an *al-fresco* meal at Rockaway Beach. Of course there must be lager-beer. Are you so truly an advocate of total abstinence that you will drink no lager-beer? Be quite easy. Only the most searching analysis could detect a trace of alcohol in the beverage they will serve us here.

But now for a swim! Whatever we have enjoyed, however we have been "taken in," there is no doubt about this. Old Neptune is as true as ever, and the frolic we can have with him, the delicious rough-and-tumble, the falls and fouls, and everything else legitimate and illegitimate in the way of a prize-fight he can give us, are all awaiting us here. There is no possibility of a controversy regarding a half-hour spent battling with the breakers. It is all delightful, and the fact that one must invariably issue from the conflict completely beaten does not alter it at all.

"And now, John"—turning to my victim, whom I have dragged through all these varied pleasures—"will you tell me again that all these people, these fifty to a hundred thousand souls, men, women, and children, whom we have seen about us to-day, do not enjoy themselves or know how to enjoy themselves on a summer outing?"

But John, the cynic, simply laid his finger aside his nose, and said, "Has it escaped your observation that one-half of these people speak German, another quarter French, Spanish, and Italian, and that of the remaining quarter your true American enters not into the spirit of the thing at all, but looks on, criticises, and—wonders."

WISTFUL.

The house had to be painted; and alas!
Down to its roots they cut with ruthless knife
The fair Wisteria, that on the grass
Breathed slowly out its beautiful crushed life.

But in the evening the electric light
Cast flickering shadows from the elm-tree near
Over the house. "It seems," she said one night,
"As if the sad Wisteria's ghost were here.

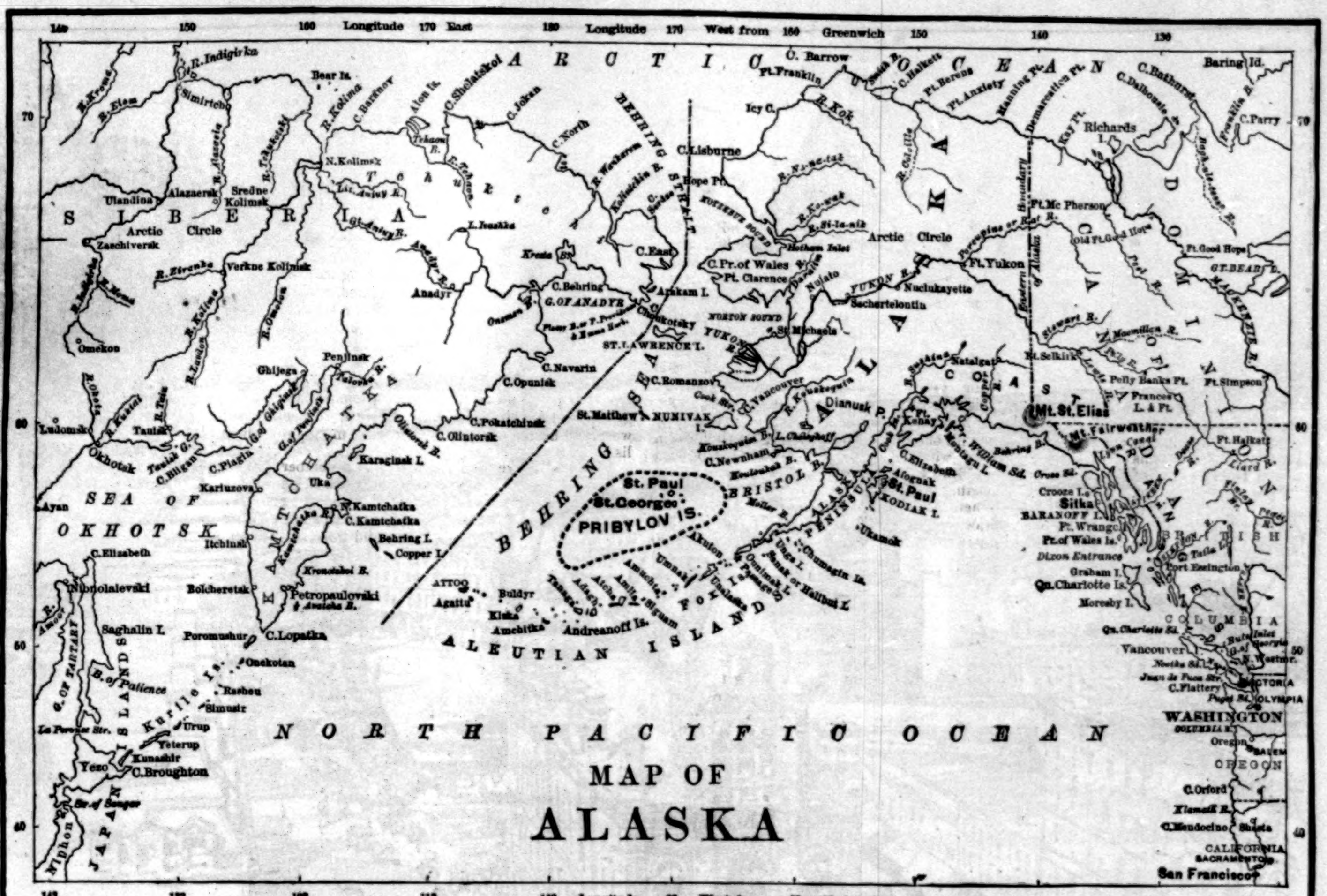
"Uncanny, isn't it? It trembles so
As if with grief, you see." He raised his head
Where the pale vine still darkly seemed to grow:
"Very Wis-terious indeed," he said.

A. W. K.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF BOOK CATALOGUES.

If error is the discipline through which we advance, as Channing has said, the compilers and printers of book catalogues must have advanced famously of late years. Most of the world is probably aware that the chief aim of the struggling compositor in a printing-office is to stand sponsor for some particularly reprehensible typographical error, one which shall startle and amuse the world; and it is sometimes suspected that the historic errors of the types were premeditated assaults upon the risibles of the public and the patience of the author who is sacrificed. There is room for doubt, however, if the compiler of book catalogues, to whom error is worse than ignorance, would ever willingly expose himself to the ridicule of the bibliophiles and bibliomaniacs, whose reading is largely confined to a perusal of his work. Of the professional cataloguer of books it has been well said that if there is anything he does not know, he does not know it. There is an encyclopædic air about him that to the man whose knowledge is limited to the boundaries of what is, who is entirely in the dark as to the existence of what is not, is somewhat depressing, but which to him who has studied the cataloguer deeply, and knows him for what he is, is as invigorating as the breezes of the balsam regions, as bracing as the salt-laden zephyrs of the ocean.

Considering, therefore, the inherent contrariety of the compositor, and the exalted sense of self which is characteristic of the professional cataloguer, a perusal of catalogues, with a view to catching both in some egregious error, has become one of the most popular pastimes of the book-lover. That it is a profitable pastime cannot be denied, since aught that furnishes amusement to so serious a person as the average bibliomaniac, anything, in short, that conduces to his



From HARPER'S School Geography.

obesity—and it is said that laughter is the best anti-lean remedy the world knows—must be regarded as beneficial. I have encountered but one stout bibliophile in the course of my mania, and he was not what I might call a good all-round bibliophile, confining his attentions entirely to works of humor. We are a lean race, for some occult reason, but the errors of cataloguers keep many of us from following the advice of Lamb and sitting around in our bones.

The whole world has heard by this time of the Bostonian's claim to have seen a book catalogue containing this entry:

ÆSCHYLUS: Prometheus........(unbound.)

"which," he adds, "is quite as good in its way as the entries:

Mill on the Floss,
Do. on Liberty,

and the excerpt from the catalogue of a country library:

Patti........Adelina.
Do. ....Oyster."

The French binder's error in labelling two volumes of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* "L'Oncle, Tome I." and "L'Oncle, Tome II." is also historical, but hardly more deservedly so than that of the cataloguer who entered *Heine's Songs* as "Hens Lays."

One is apt to question the accuracy of an entry which claims 1806 as the year of publication of a tract on the War of 1812, and it would require a bibliomaniac of an unusually maniacal type to invest a guinea in a volume which is numbered 175 in a *de luxe* edition of 150 copies.

"Celebrated Criminals Bound in Morocco" appears to indicate that a just retribution has overtaken a body of nefarious persons, among whom it would be a pleasure to number the printer who caused the types to make mention of Professor Beers's *Thankless Muse* as the "Thankless Nurse."

"French Cathedrals, by Winkles" is possibly a correct entry, but "by Winkles" sounds unpleasantly like a substitute for profanity.

We can appreciate the feelings of the cataloguer who wrote "One Hundred and Fifty Choice Masterpieces," and failed to observe in reading his proofs that it had been set up as "One Hundred and Fifty Choice Mantel-pieces."

"Poems by Chaucer very scarce" states an undoubted fact; but when a set of Sterne is entered as having "the author's signature in nine volumes" to enhance its value, one is disposed to suspect that some one has been imposed upon.

There is a perfect Daniel come to judgment in the north of England. His entry of Brough's *Falstaff*, illustrated by Cruikshank, as "Cruikshank's Falstaff, written up by Brough," is eminently just.

The author of *50 Salads* would be glad to see the volume referred to as "571 Paines," even though it should turn out that the works of Paine were numbered 571 in the catalogue, and were given a companionable sound by the oversight of the proof-reader and the "cussedness" of the type-setter.

It is easy to picture the consternation of the librarian who found under the classification "Works on the French Capital" the volume *Parish Register of Kirkbarton County, York*—an error which finds its parallel in the entry of *Paul and Virginia* under Americana as "Virginia (Paul and)." Nor can we exclude here the classification of *Horatii Flacci Opera* under Operatic Works. The proprieties were certainly observed when, as we learn from a recent catalogue, a life of Peter the Great was bound in Russia, which certainly cannot be said of the binding of *Burton's Anatomy of the Melancholy* in "full Salmon Morocco."

One cannot but reflect that the author would be very angry were he to see his work alluded to as "Fleming's Rabies"; nor can it be gainsaid that the probably mythical error, "Bing Hamsandwich Islands" for *Bingham's Sandwich Islands*, would have plunged its author into a gulf of dark despair.

Another probably mythical slip is the entry of Michaelis's *Ancient Marbles* under the head of Sport; but "*The Emperor Napoleon* slightly soiled" is *bona fide*.

The "*Manual of Chirosophy*, well thumbed"; "*Cowes*, in half calf," and "*Jack Sheppard*, with gilt edges," are mistakes heard of but not seen; but the allusion to "*Mrs. Beeton's Cook-Book*, extra illustrated with fine plates," is in existence.

Tales of a Grandfather, immediately following Darwin, seems like a premeditated assault upon the risibles of the bibliophile, and is chiefly valuable as indicating that the cataloguer is possessed of a sense of humor.

Errors of this description are of almost daily occurrence, and for an afternoon of combined instruction and amusement I know of nothing that I could better recommend than a search for these humorous bits; indeed, with a large selection of catalogues, what could better while away the tedium of a summer's day than a game of progressive idiosyncrasies, in which the errors of the cataloguer and his able lieutenant, the type-setter, should be the basis of action?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

FOR two months before the recent seizure of the Canadian schooner *Black Diamond* in Behring Sea the fur seals had been pouring northward, through the many channels among the Aleutian Islands, toward their breeding-grounds on the two largest islands of the Pribylov group. At first they came in small numbers, then in myriads, and when the *Black Diamond* was interrupted in her stealthy hunt, she was picking up only the stragglers that had lagged behind. This was on July 11th. Seventy miles from the place where the revenue-cutter *Rush* overhauled the schooner could then be witnessed the most remarkable massing of animal life that the world presents. Over four million seals had clambered up on shore, and covered nearly every inch of thousands of acres on the islands of St. Paul and St. George. The killing season was at its height, and sixty native employés of the Alaska Commercial Company were hard at work killing and skinning 100,000 young males, which is the limit of annual destruction permitted by law. Others were salting and packing the furs, and most of the work was to be done in forty days, for only within that period is the fur in prime condition.

The life story of the fur seal is indeed stranger than fiction. During the short summer he seeks the only bits of ground in Behring Sea which in their temperature, surface, and facilities for landing are adapted for his perfect life and reproduction. He is found only on the islands of the Pribylov group, except on Behring and Copper islands, just west of the Aleutian chain, and there only in very small numbers. The breeding season over, he leaves Behring Sea, and for eight months follows the shoals of fish that form his food, roaming east and west over 5000 miles of the Pacific, almost as far south as the latitude of Vancouver Island. Then, as summer approaches, his unerring instinct leads him thousands of miles back to his birthplace again, and he crawls up the bank at the very time when his thick coat is exactly right for the uses of commerce.

Thus the world is entirely dependent upon these two little islands for its supply of the highly prized seal-skin. Every nation that buys this beautiful fur has an interest in the protection of the fur seal against reckless slaughter. Ample warning has been given that a few years of complete license on the seal-killing grounds would forever cut off the world's supply of skins. Once this valuable animal was widely spread over the south polar regions, and his breeding-grounds on the Falkland Islands, along a part of Patagonia and elsewhere, even surpassed those of St. Paul in extent. But a fleet of sixty sealers, annually visiting these grounds intent only upon killing, succeeded in glutting the markets, cutting prices to a song, and finally in so nearly exterminating the seal that the industry was destroyed.

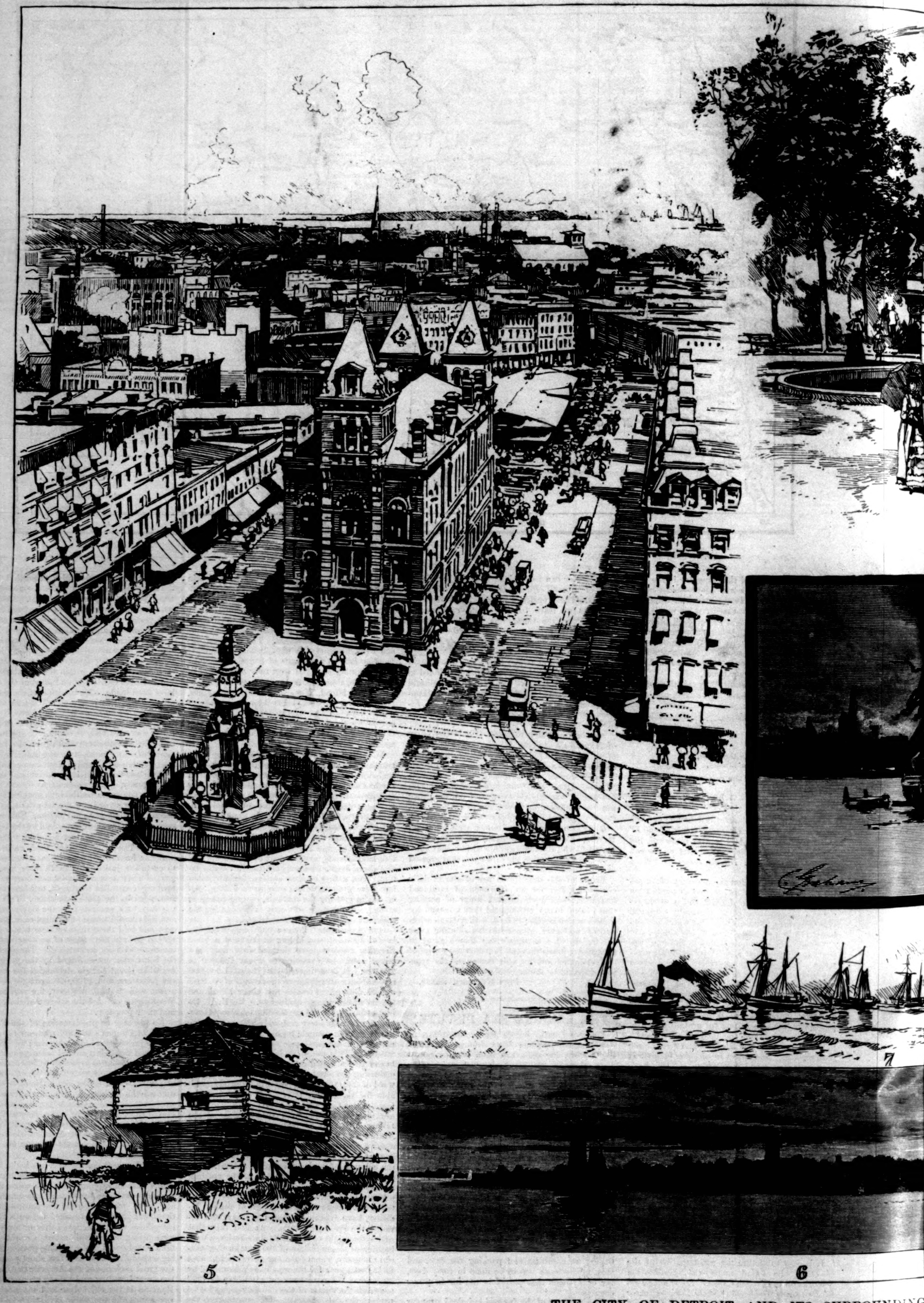
Our government nineteen years ago fixed the lawful limit of seal-killing at 100,000 a year. Recently experts have decided that the limit might safely be extended to about 180,000 to 200,000. It is estimated that about 1,000,000 seal are born every year on the islands of St. Paul and St. George. Females are never killed, and the fur of old males is valueless. Mr. H. W. Elliott estimates that of the 500,000 male pups leaving the islands every fall, only 250,000 survive the first year's struggle for existence, and the casualties of the second year reduce the number to 225,000. This, therefore, is about the net number of males added annually to the family, and deducting the number required for breeding, upward of 200,000 are supposed to be safely available for slaughter. It is likely that when the lease of the Alaska Commercial Company expires next year, a readjustment will be made of the killing limit. It is believed the fur seal in Northern waters has reached the limit of its productive capacity, and every step our government has taken has evinced its anxiety to maintain the number of seals at its normal level. The preservation of about one-ninth of the yearling males is all that is needed.

Since 1873, ship-owners at several west coast ports, tempted by the large profits of the fur industry, have repeatedly defied the law and invaded the sealing-grounds. At first they shot seal within sight of the St. Paul rookeries, wholly indifferent to the claims of the Alaska Commercial Company, which pays our government about $315,000 a year for the monopoly guaranteed by its lease. When revenue-cutters began in 1877 to search the waters of the Pribylov group for intruders, the only apparent effect was to keep the poachers further off-shore. In the guise of fishing craft their vessels still went north, taking all the seals they could get while the animals were travelling to the breeding-grounds. Most of the vessels seized by our cutters have been from our own ports. San Francisco vessels began the invasion, and among the eleven captured in 1887, the last seizures made before the recent incident, only five were Canadian craft. The line encircling the Pribylov group on the accompanying map shows the area within which unlawful sealing has been carried on and most of the seizures have been made. The position of these remarkable islands relative to our Western seaboard may here be seen at a glance; and it will be readily understood that it is almost impossible for one or two little revenue cruisers to wholly suppress unauthorized sealing in the large expanse of water crossed by the animals between the Aleutian chain and their summer home.

The Canadians criticise our seizure of their vessels severely, on the ground that we are interfering with commerce on the high seas, where international law accords no special privileges nor exclusive jurisdiction to any nation. This criticism seems to have been first inspired by the legal proceedings at Sitka against some of their seized vessels. The brief filed in these cases by the attorney for our government asserted our right to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea, on the ground that it is a land-locked body of water, formerly controlled by Russia, to whose rights we succeeded by the Alaska purchase. This view of the case was sustained by the court who fined and imprisoned several Canadian captains of vessels, and told them it was "little better than piracy to go into the waters of another nation and interfere with its industries." The decision of the court was not enforced by the government, for when Great Britain demanded the release of the prisoners, and $160,000 damages for illegal arrest and loss of property, the authorities at Washington ordered the release of the prisoners and their property.

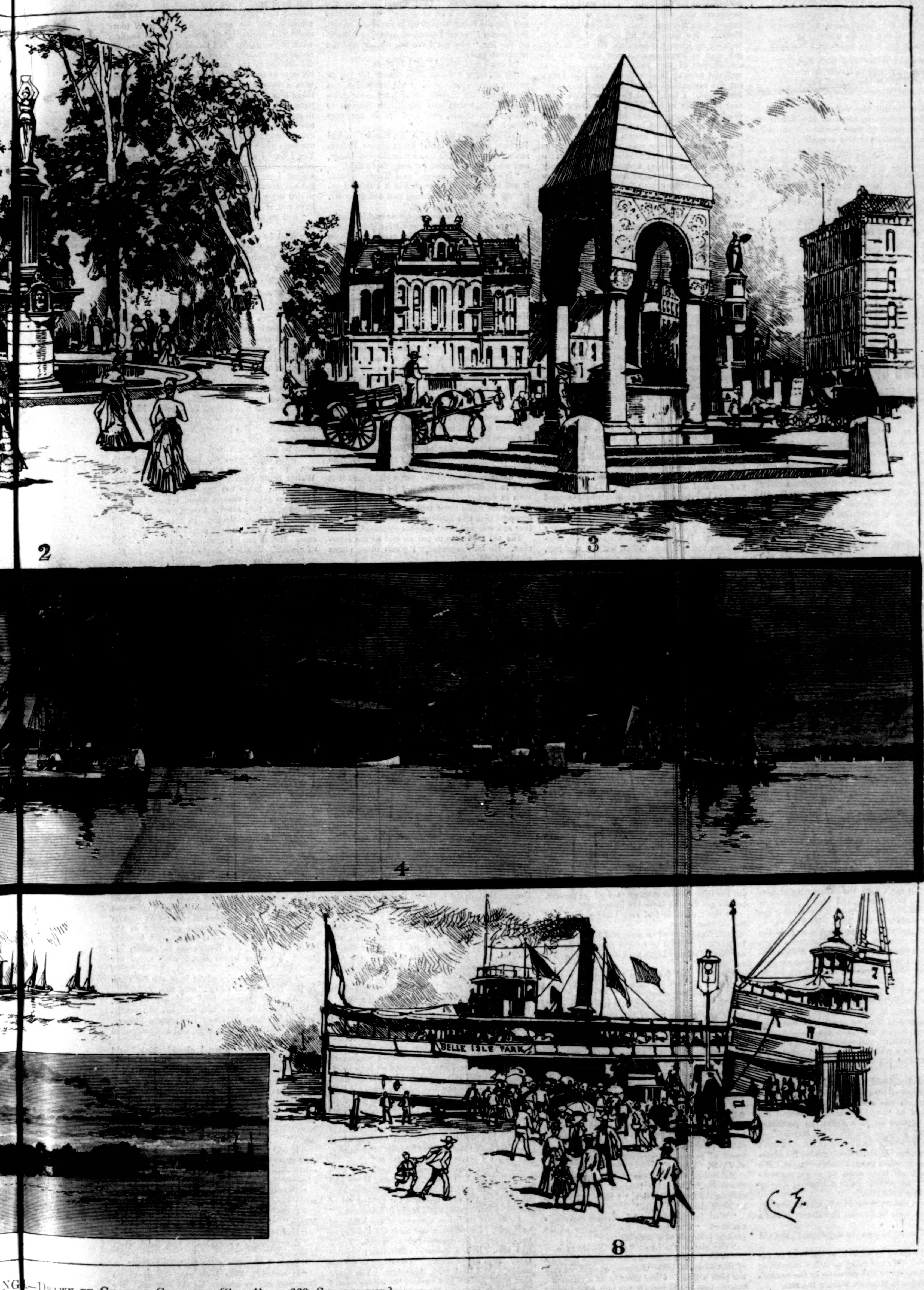
No message or proclamation of the President or act of Congress has affirmed our right to exclusive jurisdiction in Behring Sea; and President Cleveland in his last annual message said that he was endeavoring to establish by international co-operation measures to prevent the extermination of fur seals in Behring Sea. There is no doubt that all the leading geographical authorities regard Behring Sea merely as the northern extension of the Pacific Ocean, and consequently a part of the high seas. The line on the map running from Behring Strait to the Aleutian Islands shows the partition of the islands between Russia and this country.

Last year no seizures were made in Behring Sea, and there was reason to believe during the winter that an attempt would be made this season to resume the forbidden trade on an unusually large scale. Captain Shepard, who seized the *Black Diamond*, testified before a Congress committee that he believed fifty or sixty vessels were fitting out for this season's work. Such a fleet would equal in destructive potency the sealing expeditions that in a few short years ruined the great sealeries of the Antartic Ocean. While the great breeding and killing grounds are ours, England is the chief dyer and manufacturer of seal-skins, and the whole civilized world is interested in the preservation of the sealing industry.



THE CITY OF DETROIT AND ITS SURROUNDING

1. The Market, from City Hall. 2. The Grand Circus. 3. The Bagley Fountain. 4. The River, with Revenue Cu



NG.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 669, Supplement.]

e Cutter at Anchor. 5. Old Block-House on Grosse Isle. 6. Grosse Isle. 7. Lumber Tow. 8. Excursion to Belle Isle.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

As from the outer world you pass—
Just where the forest skirts the plain—
An open book lies on the grass,
And there for years, untouched, has lain.

The leaves are yellow now with age,
But one may read in letters free,
As the wind turns the ragged page,
The blotted name—*Philosophy.*

'Tis said a student one day stood
Outside the bounds, when on him fell
The mystic power of that wood,
And Love cast over him a spell.

Then long he strove to enter there;
But guardian spirits in array
Prevented him, until despair
Had made him throw the book away.

And then, when he at length had cast
The stern Philosophy aside,
Love bade him enter—held him fast
As conqueror of Self and Pride.

And now in dim, enchanted nooks
Ruled by a Love that never fails,
He seeks not sympathy of books—
Love whispers to him fairy tales.

Outside, swept by the wind and rain,
Philosophy, uncared for, lies;
It cannot enter Love's domain;
It was not meant for Paradise.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

I.

NOT long after Lent, Fulkerson set before Dryfoos one day his scheme for a dinner in celebration of the success of *Every Other Week*. Dryfoos had never meddled in any manner with the conduct of the periodical; but Fulkerson easily saw that he was proud of his relation to it, and he proceeded upon the theory that he would be willing to have this relation known. On the days when he had been lucky in stocks, he was apt to drop in at the office on Eleventh Street, on his way uptown, and listen to Fulkerson's talk. He was on good enough terms with March, who revised his first impressions of the man, but they had not much to say to each other, and it seemed to March that Dryfoos was even a little afraid of him, as of a piece of mechanism he had acquired, but did not quite understand; he left the working of it to Fulkerson, who no doubt bragged of it sufficiently. The old man seemed to have as little to say to his son; he shut himself up with Fulkerson, where the others could hear the manager begin and go on with an unstinted flow of talk about *Every Other Week*; Fulkerson never talked of anything else if he could help it, and was always bringing the conversation back to it if it strayed.

The day he spoke of the dinner he rose and called from his door, "March, I say, come down here a minute, will you? Conrad, I want you, too."

The editor and the publisher found the manager and the proprietor seated on opposite sides of the table. "It's about those funeral baked meats, you know," Fulkerson explained, "and I was trying to give Mr. Dryfoos some idea of what we wanted to do. That is, what I wanted to do," he continued, turning from March to Dryfoos. "March, here, is opposed to it, of course. *He'd* like to publish *Every Other Week* on the sly; keep it out of the papers, and off the news stands; he's a modest Boston petunia, and he shrinks from publicity; but I am not that kind of herb, myself, and I want all the publicity we can get—beg, borrow, or steal—for this thing. I say that you can't work the sacred rites of hospitality in a better cause, and what I propose is a little dinner for the purpose of recognizing the hit we've made with this thing. My idea was to strike you for the necessary funds, and do the thing on a handsome scale. The term little dinner is a mere figure of speech. A little dinner wouldn't make a big talk, and what we want is the big talk, at present, if we don't lay up a cent. My notion was that pretty soon after Lent, now, when everybody is feeling just right, we should begin to send out our paragraphs, affirmative, negative, and explanatory, and along about the first of May, we should sit down about a hundred strong, the most distinguished people in the country, and solemnize our triumph. There it is, in a nutshell. I might expand and I might expound, but that's the sum and substance of it."

Fulkerson stopped, and ran his eyes eagerly over the faces of his three listeners, one after the other. March was a little surprised when Dryfoos turned to him, but that reference of the question seemed to give Fulkerson particular pleasure: "What do you think, Mr. March?"

The editor leaned back in his chair. "I don't pretend to have Mr. Fulkerson's genius for advertising; but it seems to me a little early, yet. We might celebrate later when we've got more to celebrate. At present we're a pleasing novelty rather than a fixed fact."

"Ah, you don't get the idea!" said Fulkerson. "What we want to do with this dinner is to fix the fact."

"Am I going to come in anywhere?" the old man interrupted.

"You're going to come in at the head of the procession! We are going to strike everything that is imaginative and romantic in the newspaper soul with you and your history and your fancy for going in for this thing. I can start you in a paragraph that will travel through all the newspapers, from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida. We have had all sorts of rich men backing up literary enterprises, but the natural-gas man in literature is a new thing, and the combination of your picturesque past and your æsthetic present is something that will knock out the sympathies of the American public the first round. I feel," said Fulkerson, with a tremor of pathos in his voice, "that *Every Other Week* is at a disadvantage before the public as long as it's supposed to be *my* enterprise, *my* idea. As far as I'm known at all, I'm known simply as a syndicate man, and nobody in the press believes that I've got the money to run the thing on a grand scale; a suspicion of insolvency must attach to it sooner or later, and the fellows on the press will work up that impression, sooner or later, if we don't give them something else to work up. Now, as soon as I begin to give it away to the correspondents that *you're* in it, with your untold millions—that in fact it was your idea from the start, that you originated it to give full play to the humanitarian tendencies of Conrad here, who's always had these theories of co-operation, and longed to realize them for the benefit of our struggling young writers and artists—"

March had listened with growing amusement to the mingled burlesque and earnest of Fulkerson's self-sacrificing impudence, and with wonder as to how far Dryfoos was consenting to his preposterous proposition, when Conrad broke out, "Mr. Fulkerson, I could not allow you to do that. It would not be true; I did not wish to be here; and—and what I think—what I wish to do—that is something I will not let any one put me in a false position about. No!" The blood rushed into the young man's gentle face, and he met his father's glance with defiance.

Dryfoos turned from him to Fulkerson, without speaking, and Fulkerson said, caressingly, "Why, of course, Coonrod! I know how you feel, and I shouldn't let anything of that sort go out uncontradicted after*wards*. But there isn't anything in these times that would give us better standing with the public than some hint of the way you feel about such things. The public expects to be interested, and nothing would interest it more than to be told that the success of *Every Other Week* sprang from the first application of the principle of *Live and let Live* to a literary enterprise. It would look particularly well, coming from you and your father, but if you object, we can leave that part out; though if you approve of the principle I don't see why you *need* object. The main thing is to let the public know that it owes this thing to the liberal and enlightened spirit of one of the foremost capitalists of the country, and that his purposes are not likely to be betrayed in the hands of his son. I should get a little cut made from a photograph of your father, and supply it gratis with the paragraphs."

"I guess," said the old man, "we will get along without the cut."

Fulkerson laughed. "Well, well! Have it your own way. But the sight of your face in the patent outsides of the country press, would be worth half a dozen subscribers in every school district throughout the length and breadth of this fair land."

"There was a fellow," Dryfoos explained in an aside to March, "that was getting up a history of Moffitt, and he asked me to let him put a steel engraving of me in. He said a good many prominent citizens were going to have theirs in, and his price was a hundred and fifty dollars. I told him I couldn't let mine go for less than two hundred, and when he said he could give me a splendid plate for that money, I said I should want it cash. You never saw a fellow more astonished when he got it through him that I expected *him* to pay the two hundred."

Fulkerson laughed in keen appreciation of the joke. "Well, sir, I guess *Every Other Week* will pay you that much. But if you won't sell at any price, all right; we must try to worry along without the light of your countenance on the posters, but we got to have it for the banquet."

"I don't seem to feel very hungry, yet," said the old man, dryly.

"Oh, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, as our French friends say. You'll be hungry enough when you see the preliminary Little Neck clam. It's too late for oysters."

"Doesn't that fact seem to point to a postponement till they get back, some time in October?" March suggested.

"No, no!" said Fulkerson, "you don't catch on to the business end of this thing, my friends. You're proceeding on something like the old exploded idea that the demand creates the supply, when everybody knows, if he's watched the course of modern events, that it's just as apt to be the other way. I contend that we've got a real, substantial success to celebrate now; but even if we hadn't, the celebration would do more than anything else to create the success, if we got it properly before the public. People will say, Those fellows are not fools; they wouldn't go and rejoice over their magazine unless they had got a big thing in it. And the state of feeling we should produce in the public mind would make a boom of perfectly unprecedented grandeur for *E. O. W.* Heigh?"

He looked sunnily from one to the other in succession. The elder Dryfoos said, with his chin on the top of his stick, "I reckon those Little Neck clams will keep."

"Well, just as you say," Fulkerson cheerfully assented. "I understand you to agree to the general principle of a little dinner?"

"The smaller the better," said the old man.

"Well, I say a little dinner because the idea of that seems to cover the case, even if we vary the plan a little. I *had* thought of a reception, maybe, that would include the lady contributors and artists, and the wives and daughters of the other contributors. That would give us the chance to ring in a lot of society correspondents and get the thing written up in first-class shape. By-the-*way!*" cried Fulkerson, slapping himself on the leg, "why not have the dinner *and* the reception *both?*"

"I don't understand," said Dryfoos.

"Why, have a select little dinner for ten or twenty choice spirits of the male persuasion, and then about ten o'clock, throw open your palatial drawing-rooms and admit the females to champagne, salads, and ices. It is the very thing! Come!"

"What do *you* think of it, Mr. March?" asked Dryfoos, on whose social inexperience Fulkerson's words projected no very intelligible image, and who perhaps hoped for some more light.

"It's a beautiful vision," said March, "and if it will take more time to realize it I think I approve. I approve of anything that will delay Mr. Fulkerson's advertising orgy."

"Then," Fulkerson pursued, "we could have the pleasure of Miss Christine and Miss Mela's company; and maybe Mrs. Dryfoos would look in on us in the course of the evening. There's no hurry, as Mr. March suggests, if we can give the thing this shape. I will cheerfully adopt the idea of my honorable colleague."

March laughed at his impudence, but at heart he was ashamed of Fulkerson for proposing to make use of Dryfoos and his house in that way. He fancied something appealing in the look that the old man turned on him, and something indignant in Conrad's flush; but probably this was only his fancy. He reflected that neither of them could feel it as people of more worldly knowledge would, and he consoled himself with the fact that Fulkerson was really not such a charlatan as he seemed. But it went through his mind that this was a strange end for all Dryfoos's money-making to come to; and he philosophically accepted the fact of his own humble fortunes when he reflected how little his money could buy for such a man. It was an honorable use that Fulkerson was putting it to in *Every Other Week;* it might be far more creditably spent on such an enterprise than on horses, or wines, or women, the usual resources of the brute rich; and if it were to be lost, it might better be lost that way than in stocks. He kept a smiling face turned to Dryfoos while these irreverent considerations occupied him, and hardened his heart against father and son and their possible emotions.

The old man rose to put an end to the interview. He only repeated, "I guess those clams will keep till fall."

But Fulkerson was apparently satisfied with the progress he had made; and when he joined March for the stroll homeward after office hours, he was able to detach his mind from the subject, as if content to leave it.

"This is about the best part of the year in New York," he said. In some of the areas the grass had sprouted, and the tender young foliage had loosened itself from the buds on a sidewalk tree here and there; the soft air was full of spring, and the delicate sky, far aloof, had the look it never wears at any other season. "It ain't a time of year to complain much of, anywhere; but I don't want anything better than the month of May in New York. Farther South it's too hot, and I've been in Boston in May when that east wind of yours made every nerve in my body get up and howl. I reckon the weather has a good deal to do with the local temperament. The reason a New York man takes life so easily with all his rush is that his climate don't worry him. But a Boston man must be rasped the whole while by the edge in his air. That accounts for his sharpness; and when he's lived through twenty-five or thirty Boston Mays, he gets to thinking that Providence has some particular use for him, or he wouldn't have survived, and that makes him conceited. See?"

"I see," said March. "But I don't know how you're going to work that idea into an advertisement, exactly."

"Oh, pshaw, now, March! You don't think I've got that on the brain all the time?"

"You were gradually leading up to *Every Other Week*, somehow."

"No, sir; I wasn't. I was just thinking what a different creature a Massachusetts man was from a Virginian. And yet I suppose they're both as pure English stock as you'll get anywhere in America. March, I think Colonel Woodburn's paper is going to make a hit."

"You've got there! When it knocks down the sale about one-half, I shall know it's made a hit."

"I'm not afraid," said Fulkerson. "That thing is going to attract attention. It's well written—you can take the pomposity out of it, here and there—and it's novel. Our people like a bold strike, and it's going to shake them up tremendously to have serfdom advocated on high moral grounds as the only solution of the labor problem. You see in the first place he goes for their sympathies by the way he portrays the actual relations of capital and labor; he shows how things have got to go from bad to worse, and then he trots out his little old hobby, and proves that if slavery had not been interfered with, it would have perfected itself in the interest of humanity. He makes a pretty strong plea for it."

March threw back his head and laughed. "He's converted you! I swear, Fulkerson, if we had accepted and paid for an article advocating cannibalism as the only resource for getting rid of the superfluous poor, you'd begin to believe in it."

Fulkerson smiled in approval of the joke, and only said, "I wish you could meet the Colonel in the privacy of the domestic circle, March. You'd like him. He's a splendid old fellow; regular type. Talk about spring! You ought to see the widow's little back yard, these days. You know that glass gallery just beyond the dining-room? Those girls have got the pot plants out of that, and a lot more, and they've turned the edges of that back yard, along the fence, into a regular bower; they've got sweet-peas planted, and nasturtiums, and we shall be in a blaze of glory about the beginning of June. Fun to see 'em work in the garden, and the bird bossing the job in his cage under the cherry-tree. Have to keep the middle of the yard for the clothes-line, but six days in the week, it's a lawn, and I go over it with a mower myself. March, there ain't anything like a home, *is* there? Dear little cot of your own, heigh? I tell you, March, when I get to pushing that mower round, and the Colonel is smoking his cigar in the gallery, and those girls are pottering over the flowers, one of these soft evenings after dinner, I feel like a human being. Yes, I do. I struck it rich when I concluded to take my meals at the widow's. For eight dollars a week I get good board, refined society, and all the advantages of a Christian home. By-the-way, you've never had much talk with Miss Woodburn, have you, March?"

"Not so much as with Miss Woodburn's father."

"Well, he *is* rather apt to scoop the conversation. I must draw his fire, some time, when you and Mrs. March are around, and get you a chance with Miss Woodburn."

"I should like that better, I believe," said March.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you did. Curious, but Miss Woodburn isn't at all your idea of a Southern girl. She's got lots of go; she's never idle a minute; she keeps the old gentleman in first-class shape, and she don't believe a bit in the slavery solution of the labor problem; says she's glad it's gone, and if it was anything like the effects of it, she's glad it went before her time. No, sir, she's as full of snap as the liveliest kind of a Northern girl. None of that sunny Southern languor you read about."

"I suppose the typical Southerner, like the typical anything else, is pretty difficult to find," said March. "But perhaps Miss Woodburn represents the new South. The modern conditions must be producing a modern type."

"Well, that's what she and the Colonel both say. They say there ain't anything left of that Walter Scott dignity and chivalry in the rising generation; takes too much time. You ought to see her sketch the old-school, high-and-mighty manners, as they survive among some of the antiques in Charlottesburg. If that thing could be put upon the stage it would be a killing success. Makes the old gentleman laugh in spite of himself. But he's as proud of her as Punch, anyway. Why don't you and Mrs. March come round oftener? Look here! How would it do to have a little excursion, somewhere, after the spring fairly gets in its work?"

"Reporters present?"

"No, no! Nothing of that kind; perfectly sincere and disinterested enjoyment."

"Oh, a few handbills to be scattered around; 'Buy *Every Other Week*,' 'Look out for the next number of *Every Other Week*,' '*Every Other Week* at all the news stands.' Well, I'll talk it over with Mrs. March. I suppose there's no great hurry."

March told his wife of the idyllic mood in which he had left Fulkerson at the widow's door, and she said he must be in love.

"Why of course! I wonder I didn't think of that. But Fulkerson is such an impartial admirer of the whole sex that you can't think of his liking one more than another. I don't know that he showed any unjust partiality, though, in his talk of 'those girls,' as he called them. And I always rather fancied that Mrs. Mandel—he's done so much for her, you know; and she *is* such a well-balanced, well-preserved person, and so lady-like and correct—"

"Fulkerson had the word for her: academic. She's everything that instruction and discipline can make of a woman; but I shouldn't think they could make enough of her to be in love with."

"Well, I don't know. The academic has its charm. There are moods in which I could imagine myself in love with an academic person. That regularity of line; that reasoned strictness of contour; that neatness of pose; that slightly conventional but harmonious grouping of the emotions and morals—you can see how it would have its charm, the Wedgwood in human nature? I wonder where Mrs. Mandel keeps her urn and her willow."

"I should think she might have use for them in that family, poor thing!" said Mrs. March.

"Ah, that reminds me," said her husband, "that we had another talk with the old gentleman, this afternoon, about Fulkerson's literary, artistic, and advertising orgy, and it's postponed till October."

"The later the better, I should think," said Mrs. March, who did not really think about it at all, but whom the date fixed for it caused to think of the intervening time. "We have got to consider what we will do about the summer, before long, Basil."

"Oh, not yet, not yet," he pleaded, with that man's willingness to abide in the present, which is so trying to a woman. "It's only the end of April."

"It will be the end of June before we know. And these people wanting the Boston house another year complicates it. We can't spend the summer there, as we planned."

"They oughtn't to have offered us an increased rent; they have taken an advantage of us."

"I don't know that it matters," said Mrs. March. "I had decided not to go there."

"Had you? This is a surprise."

"Everything is a surprise to you, Basil, when it happens."

"True; I keep the world fresh, that way."

"It wouldn't have been any change to go from one city to another for the summer. We might as well have staid in New York."

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

"Yes, I wish we had staid," said March, idly humoring a conception of the accomplished fact. "Mrs. Green would have let us have the gimcrackery very cheap for the summer months; and we could have made all sorts of nice little excursions and trips off, and been twice as well as if we had spent the summer away."

"Nonsense! You know we couldn't spend the summer in New York."

"I know *I* could."

"What stuff! You couldn't manage."

"Oh, yes, I could. I could take my meals at Fulkerson's widow's; or at Maroni's, with poor old Lindau: he's got to dining there again. Or, I could keep house, and he could dine with me here."

There was a teasing look in March's eyes, and he broke into a laugh, at the firmness with which his wife said, "I think if there is to be any housekeeping, I will stay, too; and help to look after it. I would try not to intrude upon you and your guest."

"Oh, we should be only too glad to have you join us," said March, playing with fire.

"Very well, then, I wish you would take him off to Maroni's, the next time he comes to dine here!" cried his wife.

The experiment of making March's old friend free of his house had not given her all the pleasure that so kind a thing ought to have afforded so good a woman. She received Lindau at first with robust benevolence, and the high resolve not to let any of his little peculiarities alienate her from a sense of his claim upon her sympathy and gratitude, not only as a man who had been so generously fond of her husband in his youth, but a hero who had suffered for her country. Her theory was that his mutilation must not be ignored, but must be kept in mind as a monument of his sacrifice, and she fortified Bella with this conception, so that the child bravely sat next his maimed arm at table and helped him to dishes he could not reach, and cut up his meat for him. As for Mrs. March herself, the thought of his mutilation made her a little faint; she was not without a bewildered resentment of its presence as a sort of oppression. She did not like his drinking so much of March's beer, either; it was no harm, but it was somehow unworthy, out of character with a hero of the war. But what she really could not reconcile herself to was the violence of Lindau's sentiments concerning the whole political and social fabric. She did not feel sure that he should be allowed to say such things before the children, who had been nurtured in the faith of Bunker Hill and Appomattox, as the beginning and the end of all possible progress in human rights. As a woman she was naturally an aristocrat, but as an American she was theoretically a democrat; and it astounded, it alarmed her, to hear American democracy denounced as a shuffling evasion. She had never cared much for the United States Senate, but she doubted if she ought to sit by when it was railed at as a rich man's club. It shocked her to be told that the rich and poor were not equal before the law in a country where justice must be paid for at every step in fees and costs, or where a poor man must go to war in his own person, and a rich man might hire some one to go in his. Mrs. March felt that this rebellious mind in Lindau really somehow outlawed him from sympathy, and retroactively undid his past suffering for the country: she had always particularly valued that provision of the law, because in forecasting all the possible mischances that might befall her own son, she had been comforted by the thought that if there ever was another war, and Tom were drafted, his father could buy him a substitute. Compared with such blasphemy as this, Lindau's declaration that there was not equality of opportunity in America, and that fully one-half the people were debarred their right to the pursuit of happiness by the hopeless conditions of their lives, was flattering praise. She could not listen to such things in silence, though, and it did not help matters when Lindau met her arguments with facts and reasons which she felt she was merely not sufficiently instructed to combat, and he was not quite gentlemanly to urge. "I am afraid for the effect on the children," she said to her husband. "Such perfectly distorted ideas—Tom will be ruined by them."

"Oh, let Tom find out where they're false," said March. "It will be good exercise for his faculties of research. At any rate, those things are getting said nowadays; he'll have to hear them sooner or later."

"Had he better hear them at home?" demanded his wife.

"Why, you know, as you're here to refute them, Isabel," he teased, "perhaps it's the best place. But don't mind poor old Lindau, my dear. He says himself that his parg is worse than his pidte, you know."

"Ah, it's too late, now, to mind him," she sighed. In a moment of rash good feeling, or perhaps an exalted conception of duty, she had herself proposed that Lindau should come every week and read German with Tom; and it had become a question first how they could get him to take pay for it, and then how they could get him to stop it. Mrs. March never ceased to wonder at herself for having brought this about, for she had warned her husband against making any engagement with Lindau which would bring him regularly to the house: the Germans stuck so, and were so unscrupulously dependent. Yet, the deed being done, she would not ignore the duty of hospitality, and it was always she who made the old man stay to their Sunday evening tea when he lingered near the hour, reading Schiller and Heine and Uhland with the boy, in the clean shirt with which he observed the day: Lindau's linen was not to be trusted during the week. She now concluded a season of mournful reflection by saying, "He will get you into trouble, somehow, Basil."

"Well, I don't know how, exactly. I regard Lindau as a political economist of an unusual type; but I shall not let him array me against the constituted authorities. Short of that, I think I am safe."

"Well, be careful, Basil; be careful. You know you are so rash."

"I suppose I may continue to pity him? He *is* such a poor lonely, old fellow. Are you really sorry he's come into our lives, my dear?"

"No, no; not that. I feel as you do about it; but I wish I felt easier about him—sure, that is, that we're not doing wrong to let him keep on talking so."

"I suspect we couldn't help it," March returned lightly. "It's one of what Lindau calls his 'brincibles' to say what he thinks."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DESIGN FIRST ACCEPTED FOR THE BROOKLYN SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

AN ARCH FOR BROOKLYN.

WHILE New York collects very slowly by popular subscription a fund for an arch on Washington Square, the city of Brooklyn has appropriated $250,000 for an arch at the entrance to Prospect Park which shall serve as a monument to the soldiers and sailors of the civil war. In doing this, Brooklyn follows the example of Hartford, as it has so often in the past patterned itself on Connecticut. Last year the Common Council authorized $100,000 to be spent on a soldiers' and sailors' monument, and the matter went so far that a design by Henry Baerer, a sculptor born in Prussia, but American by long residence, was as good as accepted. From a raised platform, reached by four flights of stairs and adorned with four large groups of figures in bronze, rose a simple square pedestal bearing four Corinthian columns and a simple attic with wide cornice. Above stood a draped figure of Brooklyn on a half-globe. As the cut shows, the composition is not intricate, and in that respect good, but it has little novelty, while the proposed groups, which would be the most important features, are far from artistic. This is the design which recent developments in the local politics of Brooklyn nipped in the bud; in place of it the arch here shown has been accepted.

That the change is one for the better is very evident, if for no other reason, that the arch is one of the most dignified and massive forms of decoration for great cities, and on this side of the world one of the rarest. At Hartford the arch commemorative of the civil war is in the nature of a bridge entrance, such as existed in the Middle Ages, when bridges were fortified, and subsequently adorned with structures semi-military in nature. The Washington Square arch is to be less mediæval, more classical. That at Prospect Park will in some respects approach the Roman triumphal arch, but ally itself more to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile of Paris. It is to stand detached, like that great arch. There will be no suggestion of a gateway, as we find at Berlin in the Brandenburg Gate, which is also an arch of triumph. While at first the arch of triumph may seem to portray a gate, say the entrance of a conquered town, the probabilities are against this explanation, and in favor of its evolution from an independent structure of stone which took the place of a perishable arch of wood run up for the triumphal entry of a conqueror. Exactly so the wooden arches on Fifth Avenue were hastily constructed, and one of them thought worthy of perpetuation in stone.

The Brooklyn arch is to stand across the roadway, after passing the fountain, and before reaching the entrance to the Park. Now modern streets are not so narrow as the ways of Rome. Unless an arch is to be a gimcrack ornament for a lawn, it is necessary to have a wide span; but this entails a heavy body of masonry at each extremity; otherwise the downward thrust of the arch would be too great for the side shafts to bear.

The architect of the Brooklyn arch has met this difficulty by designing two tower-like masses, and throwing between them an arch of much less thickness from front to rear. He has also made this part shallower from archivolt to cornice than we find it in French and Roman triumphal arches. In these the relatively higher and narrower opening below the arch gives a more massive look to the whole edifice. Moreover, the Roman arches of triumph bore very high attics, so that attic as well as entablature above the arch might carry elaborate inscriptions on a large scale. Hence the masonry that supported them was very thick; but often ways for foot-passengers were carried through the latter, and thus the heavy look of the sides somewhat relieved. The chosen design calls for a span of 64 feet, and measures 65 feet in the clear from the roadway to the archivolt, while the outside measurements for height and breadth are about 100 feet each. Comparison with classical arches, such as that of Septimius Severus and that of Titus, will demonstrate that 64 by 65 is a very large opening indeed. On the other hand, little has been done to relieve the heaviness of the two masses of masonry which carry this superb sweep.

These have not been pierced for foot-passengers. They contain stairways, reached by doors on the sides, by which one ascends to a chamber above the arch, where relics of the war, battle-flags and statues, may be preserved, and where light is obtained from the roof in such a way that no windows will detract from the solid appearance of the structure. As the architect supposed when he made his design that the arch was to serve as a gateway to the Park, he treated his subject accordingly, and made no provision for the outer sides in the way of relieving those sides from bareness, for the outer shafts were to a certain extent to be broken by the walls abutting, or by some architectural device which might attach the structure to the line of enclosure for the Park.

On the same understanding he sought rather for relief for the two main shafts in front and rear. For this purpose he introduced solid projections which might carry inscriptions or bass-reliefs below, and break the monotony of the lower front with sets of triple round columns just disengaged. These projections simply officiate as pedestals to carry groups of statuary, indicated on his plan by purely fanciful figures, which do not show the groups themselves, but the general outline which they might take—an outline somewhat pyramidal. The size and prominence of these pedestals make them similar to false porches. Their columns apparently have Roman composite capitals, such as appear on the arch of Titus at Rome. The bareness of the inner walls is interrupted by niches for statues of soldiers and sailors. The spandrils, or three-cornered spaces between the curve of the arch and the architrave, are filled with large recumbent figures in relief. The attic is diversified with bold, simple architectural details, but only one rather narrow space is left for an inscription, which will read:

TO THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION
1861–1865

Some large group in bronze will crown this triumphal arch in the orthodox fashion, but whether the statuary here and on the roofs of the false porticos on both sides below will prove successful must depend on the sculptor chosen to embellish the structure. For arches may in one sense be considered merely very beautiful stands for the display of sculpture, which latter will always remain as the chief test of the artistic level of the people for whom the monument is erected.

The gentleman who won the prize of $1000 for this monument, under the name Red Seal, is Mr. John H. Duncan, a member of the Architectural League, and the designer of many handsome dwellings in New York and elsewhere. The competition was in the hands of the Mayor of Brooklyn; the experts called in to judge which of the thirty-six designs deserved first prize, and which a second prize of $500, were Professor William R. Ware, of Columbia College, and Mr. Charles B. Atwood. They decided that no other design departed sufficiently from the commonplace, and offered enough signs of having been prepared by a man competent to carry out such a structure in a proper fashion. As they gave to no design the second prize, a fair inference is that between Mr. Duncan's arch and the others there was so wide a gap that none approached it. And in fact it is difficult to induce architects of the first rank to enter competitions at all. In the first place, the specifications are never exact enough to warrant busy men running the risk of losing all chance of success by ignorance of some vital necessity of the particular case in point. Then committees of award have been so often thoughtless or unfair that there is little confidence in the profession that justice will be done. Again, some architects will not submit to be hampered by such directions as are given for the guidance of competitors; they argue that their worth and standing are known, and sufficient faith should be put in them to warrant the leaving of the design to their proven taste and skill.

Mr. Duncan is a native of New Orleans, and still a young man. He has designed the outlook tower at Newburgh, New York, which stands near the Washington Head-quarters. It is probable that the arch when finished will vary in important particulars from the design by which he has won the $1000 prize. In their report to Mayor Chapin and the rest of the committee having the monument in charge, the experts make a suggestion which can hardly fail to improve the proportions of the building, if carried out. As the arch is to stand in the plaza before the entrance, there is no need of so wide a span, for, like the big arch overlooking the Champs Elysées, which it will approach in size and somewhat in general disposition, it will be used only for processions and on festal occasions. By shortening the span the outline of the opening will become much finer in proportions; narrower, it is true, but apparently higher; certainly of a nobler look. Along with the diminished thrust from this narrower span goes a lighter and handsomer treatment of the supports. They need not come so far forward, nor is it necessary to make them so heavy; there will be an astonishing economy of material, and a corresponding one of money, so that more of the fund can be applied to the statuary, which, on any scale commensurate with so large an arch, will cost a great deal. Brooklyn is to be congratulated, not so much on the present design—for that is obviously in many important respects ill adapted to the new position it is to occupy—as on the design a trained architect like Mr. Duncan will perfect, after he has fixed all the new requirements in his mind, and had time to study thoroughly every detail of the arch.

Such buildings are, to be sure, simple affairs structurally, but their very simplicity makes them extremely difficult to accomplish. A large working model has to be made, and studied from all directions. The relative broken and unbroken spaces have to be weighed against each other, as well as the proportions of attic to shafts, and arch opening to attic. It is a ticklish question how the statuary should be disposed, and whether at a given point there should be figures in the round, or in high relief, or very low. The sky-line is a most important matter, and then come the delicate questions of light and shade—what and how much shadow shall be secured by this or that architectural detail? Arches of triumph have as many intricate problems in architecture to solve as a Greek temple, and woe to him who imagines that it is sufficient to follow precedents without analyzing the why and wherefore of each detail!

If the prize design were to be the actual design of the arch, it might be asked whether the groups borne on the pillared projections in front were in themselves sufficient warrant for those projections, which are sufficiently large to force one to demand that they should give some account of themselves. Do you add to the stability of the arch? one might ask them. Are you structurally accounted for in the design? Then the niches for statues beneath the arch—should the inner faces of the shafts, any more than the curve of the archivolt above, be weakened of the proper impression of a strong clean sweep by breaks in the surface? Should not decorations in such places be in comparatively low relief? These are some of the puzzling questions that must beset an architect who is studying out the manifold details of a great and conspicuous public monument, which will be certain to make or mar his fame for life.

CHARLES DE KAY.

HARBOR OF REST.

IT was noon of a midsummer day;
The air was like gold in the high-vaulted skies
As I rode through the sea-port town,
Sniffing the cart-loads of sea-weed that crawled up the street,
Driven by sea lads lusty and brown—
The cart-loads of sea-weed wholesome and sweet,
And the wagons of salt-marsh hay.

Blue was the arch overhead—
Blue, blue were the inlets that tempted my eyes
Over ridges of marl and loam,
Till I caught the lisp of the tide as it broke on the beach,
Lapping the pebbles spotted with foam,
Whose millions of sea-shells crumble and bleach,
And the waste of the sea is spread.

Motionless glistened the bay—
Motionless, too, lay the sunny white sand;
Not a trace of sorrow was there,
No wreck to sink in those sparkling treacherous seas,
Or cloud that burst on the hot blue air,
But fishers hanging their nets to the breeze,
And the children ruddy with play.

The wind blew warm in the west,
And far from their green stable birthplace, the land,
Asleep on the tide lay the ships;
Far in the offing they lay with their indolent sails,
And the kiss of the brine at their lips,
Like souls of the weary snatched from the gales
To a purple harbor of rest.

Hark! 'tis a voice like a flute—
A voice like a flute in the morning of time
From the cliff where the sea-weed lies:
Hark! 'tis the sailor's lass, with her young brown breast half bare,
And the lids dropping over her eyes
While the wild-fowl stoop to listen and stare,
And the lizard creeps to her foot.

* * * * * * *

O seafarer tost by the seas,
Your bed has been laid amid coral and slime
On the awful floor of the main,
And your sweetheart loiters and laughs in the laughing air
As she waits for your coming—in vain;
For her are the waters of trouble and care,
But yours is the haven of Peace.

DORA READ GOODALE.

THE FIRE AT SPOKANE FALLS.

By one of those strange coincidences which show that calamities of a similar nature often follow each other in quick succession, the people of Washington Territory, for a third time within a few weeks, have lost by fire the business part of one of their most prosperous cities. The burning of the business centre of Spokane Falls on the night of Sunday, August 4th, was practically a repetition of the destruction of much valuable business property at Seattle early in June, and the proportionately disastrous fire in the town of Ellenburg. In the Spokane Falls calamity the flames originated in a lodging-house in Railroad Avenue, at about seven o'clock in the evening. Owing to an insufficient supply of water the firemen were unable to subdue the fire, which soon spread to neighboring buildings, and went roaring into the business centre of the city. Most of the buildings were of the wooden type so common in rapidly built Western towns, although here and there through the principal streets were large brick and stone structures that would have done credit to any city four times the size of Spokane Falls. Attempts were made to save these buildings by blowing up other buildings between them and the advancing fire, but without good result, as the strong wind that was blowing at the time carried the sparks and burning cinders across the open spaces, and even from side to side of the broad streets. Howard Street and Riverside Avenue, the chief business thoroughfares—one running north and south and the other east and west—were swept of their best buildings. Only one business block of any consequence was left standing. In three hours the fire had burned itself out. The Spokane River prevented its spread northward to the residence part of the city.

The loss was very great. Despatches from Spokane Falls placed it at from ten to fifteen millions of dollars, while the insurance men of San Francisco estimated it at six millions. Although the city itself is of recent growth, yet it was unusually rich and prosperous. It was no uncommon thing for a Spokane Falls merchant to carry a fifty-thousand-dollar stock of goods in a five-thousand-dollar building.

Riverside Avenue

SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, BEFORE THE GREAT FIRE.

Howard Street

Grievous as this calamity is to those most directly concerned in it, the result will be, in a way, wholly beneficial, for the reason that when the city is rebuilt more careful attention will be given to the prevention of such conflagrations in the future. The new buildings, too, will be of a better and more substantial character, and in other ways the young city will be improved and strengthened. The rapidity with which her people will recover from their present misfortune will in itself show conclusively the solidity of her growth and the diversified richness of her resources. In the far West a calamity of this kind is oftentimes more of a blessing than a detriment.

The city of Spokane Falls is in many respects well calculated to rise triumphant over disaster. It is situated on the eastern edge of Washington Territory, about four hundred miles east of the Pacific coast at Seattle and Tacoma, and about the same distance west of Helena, Montana. Near it and tributary to it are some of the richest mining, farming, and grazing regions in the West. The Palouse Valley is claimed to be the best agricultural land in the Territory, while the Big Bend country of the Columbia River is already noted for its fine herds of horses and cattle. The mining resources of the city are classified into six districts: the Cœur d'Alene, Colville, Okanagan, Kootenai, Metaline, and Pend d'Oreille. The Cœur d'Alene is the best known. It produces gold, silver, and lead in large quantities. None of these districts has been fully prospected. In fixing upon the falls of the Spokane River for the site for a town that should control the trade of all these diversified fields of industry, the builders of the city of Spokane Falls took into consideration not only the central and accessible location of the place, but also the inexhaustible water-power which the falls would provide for mills and factories. Already has their foresight brought its reward. Ten years ago Spokane Falls was a frontier hamlet that had just risen to the dignity of a place on the map. It was waiting in hope and faith for a railroad to come and give it connection with civilization. The Northern Pacific Railroad reached Spokane Falls in September, 1884, when the population of the place had reached nearly one thousand. In 1885 the population was three thousand, which in-

"THE LOCK."—FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN CONSTABLE, IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

creased to seven thousand by the 1st of January, 1888. During the past year the young city has grown sturdily, so that at present the population may be set down at fully sixteen thousand.

The water-power at the falls may be called the basis of the city's prosperity. It has been utilized in turning the machinery of flouring-mills, lumber-mills, an electric-light plant, and other industries. Among the recent uses to which the water-power has been put is the driving of a cable for a new street-car system. Fortunately the great fire did not damage any of the factories and mills connected with the water-power. The goods that can be manufactured at Spokane Falls will find a ready market in the surrounding mining regions and in the near-by agricultural districts. When finished the railways now in course of construction, together with the Northern Pacific and the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba railroad systems, will give a quick outlet to all the local products, as well as place the manufacturer within easy reach of his raw material. The business men of Spokane Falls appreciate these advantages fully, and they show by their enterprise and intelligently directed energy that they mean to make use of them. The present embarrassment will at best be a matter of only a few weeks.

"THE LOCK."

THE picture given above is a skilfully executed copy of John Constable's famous painting, "The Lock," bought for 150 guineas by Mr. Morrison in 1824, and afterward admirably engraved in mezzotint by David Lucas, with several of its companions, the original being now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is a characteristic specimen of the great painter's favorite landscapes—a rural scene with rustic figures, and a background of the genuine English type, painted with a fidelity to the minutest details of nature which was habitual to the man, who rose early every morning to study the effect of dew-drops on the grass, and who, while still quite a lad, answered his friend Sir George Beaumont's query as to what style he intended to adopt by saying, firmly, "None but God Almighty's own style."

In this, as in other works of the English Millet, all the features of the picture are perfectly simple and quiet, but all the more effective on that account. The sturdy fellow who is opening the lock, the boatman who is waiting to pass through it, the bare-armed laborer on the wide stretch of arable land below, are all three fair samples of the ordinary English peasant, and do their work as deliberately as if the drenching rain threatened by those clouds which are fast overspreading the clear bright sky were not worth thinking of. The flat ploughed fields and grassy meadows, framed in low green slopes and dotted with clumps of trees, form the same typical English landscape over which Washington Irving lingered so lovingly eighty years ago; and the square dark gray church tower that sentinels it has its counterpart in every village from the bleak moors of Cumberland to the sunny hills of Sussex.

But the aspect of rustic seclusion and repose in which the country-bred artist delighted is here rendered to perfection. Gray might have fitly penned his "Elegy" beneath the shadow of this quaint antique church, around which, under nameless mounds of green turf, the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," unknown in death as in life, rest from their long toil. The huge moss-grown oaks may have heard the joy-bells ring for the birth of Charles I., and have bowed beneath the tempest in which Cromwell's stern spirit passed away. This heavy, round-bowed boat recalls the clumsy "galliots and carracks" of Elizabethan England; and the mouldering, weather-stained lock, encircled with reeds and broad-leaved water-plants, looks as if it may have opened two thousand years ago to admit the leather canoe of some Briton savage in a light summer suit of blue paint.

"Not much romance in a lock-keeper's life," remark I, "though Dickens *did* make a lock the scene of Riderhood's death-grapple with Bradley Headstone, in *Our Mutual Friend.*"

"My father once found some romance in one, anyhow," says my friend. "On a walking tour through the southeast of England in his college days he found a boy looking thoughtfully into the water just below a lock, and asked if he were watching for fish. 'No,' says the boy; 'I was thinking that this water, trickling so slowly from under that lock, is just like the world's trade, kept back by all the restrictions that people have put upon it.'"

"Quite an embryo free-trader, upon my word! Who was he?"

"Some one whom you ought to know, being a distant relation of your own. His name was Richard Cobden." DAVID KER.

THE PRIZE GOELET CUP FOR SLOOP YACHTS.—By Tiffany & Co.

THE PRIZE GOELET CUP FOR SCHOONER YACHTS.—By Tiffany & Co.

THE PUDDING LANE HOAX.

My friend, Edward Noble, and I had been talking of the credulity of people, and had agreed that they—the people aforesaid—liked nothing so well as to be well humbugged. We had in mind certain late occurrences, and, I remember, drew considerable satisfaction from the reflection that we would have shown much keener apprehension of fraud had we been in the situation of the victims. Sitting among our books that hot afternoon, idly talking metaphysics, it came to pass that five minutes after I had agreed with my friend in whole-souled pity for humbug-inviting mankind, I found myself opposing him—pretty stoutly, too, considering it was July—and presently declared that hatred and fear of humbug was one of the very strongest characteristics of the average man; that I did not believe he could go out into the street and sell a gold-piece for a pint of walnuts. Though withal a dull fellow, Noble remarked that while this was probably true, yet after all it only went to prove his position; that approaching the boy with the gold and offering such an exchange would lead him to think the genuine coin spurious, and that he was humbugged out of his bargain. This suggestion, however, would have been beyond Noble's depth; probably I made it myself, and he agreed with me.

Neither my friend nor I had ever been popular at school. I did not care to be. So we had in a manner struck up a companionship between ourselves which continued after college days, and will last through life. Not that we like each other particularly, but we endure each other better than either could any one else. To me every one but Noble is disagreeable and peculiar, and Noble is a little peculiar. But we live together, endurably, in the day, talking, idling, sleeping, or doing something else equally "improving," and walking out in the night.

It may have been two in the afternoon when the profound psychological reflections above enunciated were uttered; it was near the same hour the next morning, before the Theatre Royal, in our nightly ramble, that Noble next broke silence by observing that he believed we would try that. Believing for both had been a habit of mine, but Noble had caught it. I put my hand into my trousers pocket for a coin, but my friend interrupted by saying he did not propose we should make the experiment on a single boy, but upon all the people of the city. He proceeded to develop his idea, and I added a suggestion or two that much improved it.

As the first step, we drew up a brief advertisement under a street light, took it to the leading newspaper rooms, and went home. The morning papers contained the following:

"NOTICE!

"The debts of all persons who are owing will be paid for them on presentation of itemized statements of same, at 97 Pudding Lane, Cheapside, on Monday, August 12th, between the hours of 2 and 4 P.M."

From what we could judge in our nightly rounds, from the many curious eyes directed at our house, and from paragraphs in the papers, the notice made quite a sensation from its first appearance. By our order it continued to appear daily. Noble and I mutually declared our full intention of standing by our proposition to pay every debt that should be presented as long as our fortunes should hold out. Passing the day in our darkened house—for we were enamored of Night, and strove to counterfeit her sombre beauty when her more brilliant rival held the field without—and stirring forth only during the hours when most men sleep, it was not to be expected that we would see much stir, if indeed any, following our strange announcement. And yet some years of night-walking had made us adept at reading as an index the midnight stragglers of the street; and, indeed, no class so thoroughly know what is doing in all grades of society, from the homes to the jails, as these. So, in jostling men on the street, at the entrance to the theatres and before the clubs, among all the tattle of the latest book, politics, the favorite in music or the drama, we heard always a word about the Pudding Lane notice.

It was the second night before we heard any expressions as to the feeling with which the proposition had been received generally. My own conviction had been that the first feeling would be scepticism, and that the continued publication might induce some degree of confidence. But in this I was wrong. By the close of the second day it was not to be doubted that the overwhelming belief was that the proposal had been made in good faith. The conclusion was that underneath the surface of the thing there was some scheme of the originators for making money. As to just how this was to be done few guesses were ventured, but the almost unanimous opinion was that it was a gigantic scheme of fearless speculators. In order to feel all the variations of the public pulse, we had allowed for a period of two weeks from the first appearance of the notice till the day on which the debts were to be paid.

The belief in the trustworthiness of our proposal continued throughout the third and fourth days, though toward the close of the fourth there was an appreciable weakening of confidence, if we did not misjudge the indications. But on the fifth day the tide set overwhelmingly backward. Several prominent financiers had declared that in no possible way could any capitalist or syndicate fulfil the published offer and not be at sheer loss for the full amounts. The public reflected that no name had been signed to the notice; it was learned that the inmates of 97 Pudding Lane were unknown; some even declared that the house was vacant. In short, on the fifth day the public took its little laugh, and settled down into the conviction that the thing was a humbug. Thereafter it was known as the Pudding Lane Hoax.

There seemed to be no possibility of any change from this belief. It seemed unanimous and settled. Noble proposed that we take the notice out of the papers, as the game was played; but this we concluded not to do, though merely that we might fulfil our part. We heard little more said of the matter for the next week; it seemed to have been forgotten. Indeed, Noble and I scarcely spoke of it ourselves—scarcely thought of it. So the time passed till August 12th. At breakfast, near ten o'clock, Noble yawned that this was the day on which we were to pay the city's debts, and that we had better see our lawyer as to the disposition of our property. Nothing more was said till between the noon hour and one o'clock, when it happened that I stepped to the window to draw the curtain closer, for a careless servant had left it partly open, and a gleam from the street made our gas-light pale. In arranging the drapery, I casually glanced out, and noticed, it might have been, a score of people standing on the opposite curb. This was unusual, for our street is a quiet one, and I said to Noble that there was some excitement without. He instantly connected it with our experiment. I believed he was right, but attached little importance to the matter. Nevertheless, we repaired to another apartment, one window of which projected slightly over the street at a height of perhaps twenty feet from the ground. In this we could watch unobserved.

At one o'clock there were two men lounging on the opposite side of the street. The crowd of twenty I had first seen had dispersed. The two were presently joined by three or four others, who, passing, had stopped to joke with them, and had staid, like men who expect some small spectacle and stop to catch a glimpse of it, if they happen to be in no haste. Occasionally one would start on. The group continued to grow slowly. At 1.15 there was again a score. About this time I glanced up and down the street, and counted a dozen more in doorways. Turning my eyes again to the original group, I was surprised to see it had been augmented by half a hundred. The gathering now became rapid. At 1.20 there may have been a hundred people in sight; five minutes doubled the number. From every quarter men and women began to stream in. All halted in sight of our door, but no one approached it. It was plain, Noble observed, they all came as spectators merely. The attention of the crowd was divided between our house and a neighboring steeple-clock. Two o'clock was approaching. As for our house, it stood before the crowd, a large, plain stone structure, every curtain drawn, and no sign of life within.

The third quarter struck. Then on every hand the crowd broke into a rush for positions before the door. They instantly lost the appearance of spectators and became a mass of eager men, struggling for first places. Noble and I looked into each other's eyes; instantly, with that moment, we saw the annihilation of our fortunes. I clasped my friend's hand; it was cold as ice. Together we went to the library. Without a word Noble wheeled a table into the middle of the floor, seated himself, took out a check-book, and laid it open before him. I made a quick calculation, from my best knowledge, of the amount of our joint fortunes, handed it to him, and, gathering the servants, gave them some brief instructions. When I got back to my seat at the window the crowd had grown till its limits could not be seen. Filling the street, not a long one, it reached from end to end and from wall to wall, and I judged by the sounds that more were gathering around the corners and in the adjacent thoroughfares.

You may have seen a throng before a lottery-wheel, impatient, excited. Some such an aspect had the mob before our door, save that it was far more immense, far more excited. There was occasional laughter, such as we hear from drunken men. Every man acted as one partially deranged; it was apparent that the strangeness of the situation had its effect on the crowd. Two o'clock struck. The first stroke of the bell was hardly heard for the murmur and excitement; the second stroke fell upon the throng, as still as though that second every man had been turned into a corpse. Every eye was upon the door. Not a motion was visible about the house. The door was unlocked, and a servant stood behind it, but made no sound; not a curtain stirred.

I had expected, when a little time had passed, and it was seen that the door was not to be thrown open, that there would be a rush, and it would be pushed in. So presently I observed that those far back now began to push forward. Those nearest the door, too, crowded upon the stoop; but there every man looked to his neighbor to first put hand to the door, but none did it. Then a terror seized them and ran back through the people, and they fell back. Then arose a great cry. I could not make out what it was, but in the midst of it the first quarter struck. Then there was silence, and for a long time they did nothing but wait, each for the other, the crowd behind upbraiding those in front for not pushing in. Our quiet house terrified them by its very stillness and helplessness.

Again those in the rear and on all sides began crowding forward. After two or three starts they surged forward, but only for a few feet, those in front immediately pushing back. This wave-like movement was repeated several times, the last time the reacting surge placing those in front farther back than ever. They stood thus for a moment when the half struck. Then they crowded again forward, but no man put hand on the door. Up to this time there had been an appearance of good-nature and raillery, though underneath it was an intense earnestness; but now they broke out into quarrelling. Blows were exchanged, and dark looks were everywhere; but nothing was done beyond an occasional surge for the door and a sweep back.

Three-quarters past, and it was almost three, when a single man ascended the steps and knocked. The mob was breathless. The door was silently opened, the man went in or was pulled in, and all was as before. Then what a cry went up! And what a silence followed! But no second man offered to go in. The first would be out presently, and would tell what he had seen. But ten, fifteen, twenty minutes elapsed, and he did not reappear. The silence was profound. Half past three, and still no sign. A shiver passed through the throng. Not many but thought of a possible tragedy on the other side of that mysterious door. The truth is, the man had been ushered into the library, where he saw a sedate gentleman of thirty sitting behind a table, who asked him simply if he brought a statement of his debts. For a reply he presented it. The amount was small, and the gentleman laid aside his check-book and handed him the sum in gold. He was then invited to pass into the adjoining parlor and to be seated; he was requested kindly to remain till four o'clock, or until the crowd dispersed. And I, watching at the window, realized that the slightest variation in the temper of the mob would sweep away every penny of our families' wealth, for both Noble and I would have died before we would have allowed a demand to go unhonored while anything remained.

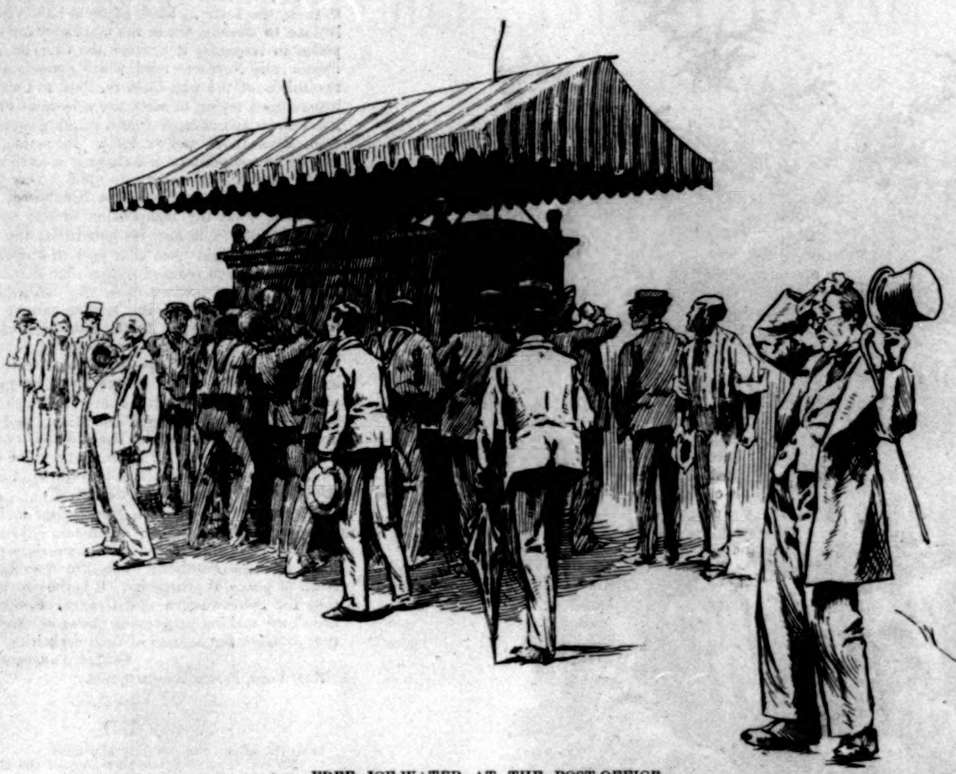
It was evident that we had been mistaken when we supposed that the final and universal verdict had been that our notice was a hoax. We had not walked out the last night, it being Sunday. If we had done so, it is likely we would have learned there had been a change. While almost all, I afterward learned, had continued to ridicule the thing and pronounce it a humbug, there had been a secret preparing of statements, and a determination to be not far distant at the appointed hour. This had been so general that it had resulted in the immense gathering now before me. But why did they not press in? It would have been supposed that their very numbers would have permitted no other thought. But it is likely that those before the door feared that if they started it would be to go in alone; that those in the rear would let them alone run the risk of the jeers that would follow if it proved they had been hoaxed. The fear of ridicule, so strong a motive ordinarily, before such a crowd, became superlatively powerful. The sources of those impulses, more contagious than pestilence, that move vast crowds are generally mysterious and indiscernible. Fickleness is the ordinary characteristic of a mob. In the throng before our door, fear of humbug, and a powerful dread of ridicule superinduced by the concourse itself, were the causes to which I attributed the inaction of the first hour. But one man had the strength to throw off the general paralysis.

But undoubtedly other causes came into action the second hour. The house stood before them, silent and mysterious, the one venturesome man did not return, and the strangeness of the whole affair, the impossibility of assigning any motive for the published notice, and the strange behavior of the crowd itself, in every other member of which each saw his doubts reflected, all conspired to throw around an atmosphere of mystery and undefined fear. Thus it was that the people stood, while the church-clock hands moved on toward four. An occasional wave seemed to sweep over them but left them standing as before, under a paralysis. Ten minutes to four. Every hope was now on the return of the man. Five minutes to four. There was a *leaning* forward, but no man stirred foot. Three minutes, two minutes, one minute. The clock struck four. I rushed down to Noble and caught him in my arms. How we danced! We went up together to the front apartment and the window. Now it is stranger than anything else connected with the affair that there was no violence toward our residence. But when we looked out into the street, it was fast becoming empty. But of those we saw hastening away, every one seemed to be possessed of the very spirit of the devil. They were all fighting, striking each other with their fists, sticks, stones, and cursing like demons. But very soon the street was empty.

Such is an esoteric account of an affair which caused no small stir at the time. Noble and I, in our nightly rambles, often talk it over. Our experiment came near being more serious than we would have liked. If the man who ventured in ever told any one of his reception, it never came to the ears of the public, and to this day London had few mysteries more profound than the episode known as "The Pudding Lane Hoax."

William Bayard Hale.

Small Boy (*excitedly pointing to sign*). "Please, mister, don't stand with your feet so close together; this floor won't hold but 200 pounds to the square foot!"



FREE ICE-WATER AT THE POST-OFFICE.

A HOT NIGHT IN NEW YORK.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

When a clever New-Yorker was asked by a European, "What is the climate of your city?" he replied, "It has not any climate. It has plenty of weather, but no climate." Among the various kinds of weather that make up this "plenty," hot weather is an important sort. Of the heat that is known to inland cities like St. Louis, Cincinnati, and even Trenton—dead, suffocating, peppery, motionless, blistering heat—it seldom has above a dozen days and half that number of nights in a year. But it is not given to everybody to know all the possible gradations of discomfort; and while men like the Hon. Henry Watterson and others from the interior advance the idea that New York is a delightful summer resort because Coney Island is only six miles away, there are hundreds of thousands in town, bound to the bricks and the flagging like Prometheus to his rock, who find the city hot enough in all conscience.

I knew some Cubans who had a house uptown and staid in it all of every summer. They never could understand what the rest of the town complained of when the dog-days came. They lived as they had done in Cuba. In the heat of the day they staid in the house, which was thrown open, front and back. They knew how to manage themselves in hot weather, just as a sailor knows how to handle a ship at sea. They knew what to eat. They ate fruit and fish, and nothing more solid than cereals and an occasional omelette. They drank tamarind water and lemonade, or lime juice, or cold tea and lemon juice. To dissipate, the men took a little gin with a great deal of aerated water. They knew how to dress. It would never do to say how little they wore, but all that one saw of their outer apparel was straw on their heads and seersucker or linen on their bodies. The men never walked in the sun. If there was no way to ride where they wished to go, they waited until after sundown, or did not go at all. After sundown all migrated to the roof. It had been kept moderately cool all day by means of an awning. It was appointed with cane lounges and rocking-chairs, and with rugs and little tables, and a few gas jets enclosed in lanterns. There were colored servants to spare the energy and save the steps of the family.

But that was one family—one out of hundreds of thousands. To all the rest the dog-days came like a scourge. Few had been able to leave the city, and few within it knew how to meet the trying condition. In a city where the intensest hot weather is a mere episode, coming for a day or two in June, a day or two in July, a fortnight in August, and again, for a time, in September, no one studies how it should be met, but all suffer immeasurably. It would be an interesting and an amazing calculation to estimate how much of flesh alone, to say nothing of vitality, is lost by our million and a half of citizens in the annual week of temperature at 90 degrees in the shade that we have in August.

Let no one fancy that it is only the poor who suffer. There is no appreciable fraction of the population out of town in midsummer. No stores are closed; not even on Fifth Avenue. There are whole rows and even blocks of houses turned over to the keeping of care-takers, but the people who lived in them are not missed by those who remain. Even the millionaires are apt to be found at their offices in the heat of the day, though they may flee to the surf or the hills at night. No; the whole city stands the brunt of the weather, and to such an extent that when the enormity of the disaster at Johnstown was realized, and aid was called for this summer, there was no sign that any New York purse was inaccessible, though the thermometer registered 90 degrees and higher day after day as the people met and the money was poured out.

But whoever has seen New York in winter should also see it in such weather. It is scarcely recognizable as the same city. Primarily this is a city of cheerful folk. The term "New-Yorker" signifies a degree of gayety and alertness and spirit only excelled in buoyancy and extent by the so-called *chic* of the Parisians. That is true of the cool weather New-Yorker, the New-Yorker of three hundred and thirty-five days in the year. On a hot day none of these words apply to the Gothamite. If you have ever seen the body of a defunct animal in the hands of a surgeon who is demonstrating the functions of its lifeless nerves and muscles by the application of electricity, you will have had an idea of the effect upon the city when Nature denies it every life-giving principle except heat directly applied. The men seem impelled by something apart from life. They go about in the sun-blaze with a carriage that suggests the idea that they are propelled forward by holding their heads well down and letting the weight thereof drag them ahead. They bump into one another helplessly and with manifest disregard of the consequences to themselves or the feelings of those with whom they collide. Their respect for their appearance becomes a lost characteristic. Some wear their vests unbuttoned, and some wear no vests at all. Some wear their office coats, and many run on short errands without any coats.

The only persons who look tidy and self-contained and natural are the ladies. Of them the men say that a comparison of the weight of the clothing that all women wear in summer with that which men wear will show the women to be carrying less than half as much as their lords. It is said to be on record that an actress and an actor at Long Branch in one midsummer handed their apparel out of the doors of their respective dressing-rooms in a bath-house at the beach and had them weighed, with that result. Yet the fact remains that in midsummer nearly all the men drink copiously and continually, while the women do not. Whether this is because the women have better sense or fewer facilities I do not pretend to say; but no one will deny that there is a bar-room on seven corners out of every ten in the business parts of the city, where the men are, and that every saloon is crowded all day long in hot weather. Those who do not drink beer or liquor drink temperance drinks, and each drink makes its victim just so many degrees more uncomfortable after he returns to the streets or to his work. Because there is no law to prevent them, an organization of misguided men put up water-coolers down-town in the summer and dole out free ice-water to the unthinking in the slandered name of humanity.

But it is at night, when the people are free to do as they please, that the city becomes doubly interesting in the dog-days. It is when the shops are closed and the suppers have been cleared away in the tenements, and the clerks and mechanics and shop-girls and the housewives are all at liberty and are all sweltering and half suffocated in the hot apartments far in among the wind-baffling streets—it is then that the city offers to the observer a chapter or phase of its life that is most peculiar. It is very sad or merely interesting according to your way of looking at it—according to the fineness of your sensibility. On more than a dozen intensely hot nights in as many years I have walked through Baxter and Mulberry streets just to see, again and again, the scenes that they present, and to try to make myself realize, from year to year, that they are actual and commonplace instead of extraordinary or accidental, as it seems, afterward, that they must be. There, in those narrow lanes, between tall and swarming tenements, you see complete surrender to the heat, and just as complete indifference to the conventions of ordinary city or polite existence. Men and children lie upon the sidewalks, asleep or courting sleep, in every degree of undress except the last, with their coats or shawls under their heads for pillows. The flagging of the sidewalk is hot, the walls of the houses all but burn your hands, but there is a breeze stirring—or perhaps it is hoped there will be one. I have walked through some of the tenements wherein whole families sometimes have but one room, and have seen the doors open and the women and young girls on the beds or on the floor, wofully hot, though so scantily clad that a glance will sometimes seem unpardonable. The end of such a journey brings one to the roof, and with that comes a fresh surprise. Sometimes on such nights those tenement roofs are literally packed with men and boys. They lie about like soldiers ordered to rest during a forced march at night—many, indeed, prone and motionless, like the same soldiers dead on a battle-field as seen in the half-light of the stars. All the men and boys who are not on the sidewalks are on the roofs, and the rooms are given up to the women and girls in these most crowded tenement districts. The roofs are the best sleeping-places; if there is the faintest motion in the air, that is where it is certain to be felt. Nothing obstructs it so far above the streets. The women know that as well as the men, but they cannot take advantage of their knowledge. They must keep to their rooms, and they are welcome to them. Tenement populations are always shifting. The people in any one of those great houses know few of their neighbors. They live together distrustfully, as strangers.

There are few vagrants in the city in midsummer. Only a few of the women tramps remain, and their single aim is to be sent to the islands for ten days at a time for drunkenness or bad conduct. The men all take to the country roads. Tramps are aristocrats in their way. They lose their liking for the close and stuffy lodgers' quarters in the police station-houses when the weather becomes sultry. But though the vagrants are gone, there are more persons sleeping in the parks and in the wagons drawn up along the curbs than ever begged shelter in all the police-stations on the bitterest cold winter night we ever knew. Very, very strange are the scenes in the small parks, when the surplus men of the tenements gather in them to sleep on the benches. Only a little light sifts through the dense foliage of the trees to reveal the motionless, shadowy outlines of the sleepers. All the benches are occupied, and since the police discourage the assumption of recumbent attitudes, there is all the more room for those who prize it, and the spectacle in each square is that of a park crowded with rigid figures bolt-upright on the settees. So must have looked the palace yard of the Sleeping Beauty, peopled with paralyzed courtiers, before the gallant prince touched the lips of the lady and set all astir. Other somnolent men and boys are in the wagons and on the trucks all over town, not only resting peacefully, but vaguely conscious in their sleep of something of the sense of satisfaction and of triumph which they felt when they secured those quarters, so far superior to their own at home. Still others are asleep on the wharves—all men, of course—making use of the cotton bales and the tarpaulin covers over the waiting cargoes. They smile in their sleep, as their heated bodies are fanned by the breezes from the rivers. Indeed, there are only a few parts

A SIDEWALK SCENE IN BAXTER STREET

SLEEPERS ON THE PARK BENCHES.

of out-of-doors that are not utilized by the poor when they are driven from the tenements by the heat, as the same element scatters water in the form of steam. Those places are the Central Park, which is closed early in the evening, and the private parks, like Gramercy Square, to which only the rich people of their neighborhoods possess keys.

The parks and the piers are interesting earlier in the evening in the very hot season. It is always freshly surprising to see how quickly after work is over the young people gather in the parks. While the last of the homeward procession from the shops and factories is still under way the first-comers are under the trees, promenading or looking on from the benches. The parks are godsends to the people of New York. It is incredible that there can be found corporations that dare to ask leave to build in them, or a public spirit so dulled as to remain quiescent under the mere proposition. Such a condition shows not that the masses, to whom the parks are precious, have no voice, but that they have not the means or the spirit, which should be theirs, to make it heard. This they must find in self-defence.

From seven o'clock until ten o'clock at night, parks like the Battery, Tompkins Square in the tenement district, and Washington Square near the French and boarding-house quarters, are crowded with the youths of both sexes on every midsummer night. The girls dress for such occasions, and look either gay or neat. The men, harder worked, are apt to fling themselves on the benches in the clothes they have not had the energy to change. As there is nothing to do but to walk or sit down, the only frolicking is by the children, who dart along the paths playing tag and screaming their enjoyment. The formal, stiff, and sedate parade of the young girls on such occasions is worth seeing. It is a trick of the New York shop-girl to assume a mock-haughtiness and gravity of manner and carriage when she walks among the boys, whether in the parks or on the East side avenues, that would be very comical were it not so praiseworthy and well meant. These girls are nearly all good dancers, and therefore are not ungraceful; but in their opinion it is the eminently proper thing, when "passing in review" of the other sex, to stiffen their bodies, hold themselves rigidly erect, and to walk on their heels, seeing everything and everybody, but seldom turning their heads in order to aid their vision.

But that is because they are among strangers. To see them at their ease one must meet them at the river-side. The wharves along the North and East rivers—those that are open to the public—are immensely popular resorts on dog-day nights. They then become the ballrooms of the poor. The New York boy and youth has his tricks, as well as his sisters, and one of these is that of playing the mouth-organ. Until you have heard a stripling of the tenement quarters play upon one of these instruments you will never know the power and range of either the youth or the toy. Both become heroic when in conjunction. At best the music of a mouth-organ is melody struck with the asthma; but when one of these masters of it chooses, he can make it sound like a small orchestra—asthmatic, of course, but complete. Along the string-pieces of the wharves these boys seat themselves, and with a gallantry and self-sacrifice too little acknowledged, they play dance music for their own contiguous companies of male and female friends. Polkas, waltzes, and even quadrille compositions are wheezed out of the little instruments that they all but enclose in one hand, and as they play, the couples whirl and balance and trip and spin with a vim and an enthusiasm that more than offsets their lack of other merely ornamental qualities that prouder folks may boast. There on the breezy wharves they forget how insufferably hot it was among the city's walls of brick; but, alas! when they wend their ways back to the tenements the heat comes full upon them again. And then it is that they make those calculations which result in one's capturing a park bench for his bed, in another's throwing himself flat upon his roof, and in the fair partners of both sleeping, none too secure against observation, in their cramped rooms with the doors left open.

THE RAILROAD SITUATION.

The market for railroad securities has for some little time past reflected such a degree of confidence on the part of the holders of stocks that it is pertinent to review the traffic situation to determine if present conditions warrant the satisfaction or hopefulness that seems to exist. A fair inference from the conflicting statements that find their way into the newspapers would seem to be that the situation is an anomalous one. A great majority of the railroad companies whose securities are among the most active on the Stock Exchange are constantly reporting earnings that are considerably in excess of last year, and which are quite as good as any that have been recorded in the history of the companies. Statistics relating to the volume of the traffic of these roads, namely, the Southwestern and the Granger groups, are more quickly obtainable than those of the financial results; and these, too, tell of an enormous and rapidly increasing business. But in spite of these figures and the certainty that a very large part, if indeed not all, of our surplus grain will have to be hauled to the seaboard, the newspapers contain in nearly every issue details of the complications that are incessantly multiplying between the companies referred to. Beyond question, a good many of the railroad managers feel very sore. They are beginning to appreciate the disaster they helped to draw upon themselves and their security-holders last year, and they are also beginning to realize that the problems resulting from new competitors are rather beyond their ability to solve. The properties they have undertaken to manage have literally grown away from them. The Atchison company, for instance, has, in one way and another, acquired more road than it can operate to advantage, and so, to a less extent, have some of its competitors. All this new mileage may become profitable in time, when the country has grown up to the facilities that have been provided, but the capital invested in them, or at least a part of it, demands an immediate return, and it is no easy matter to carry on borrowed money long stretches of unprofitable railroad. In their anxiety to secure traffic under these conditions it is not surprising that the operating officers of the roads should resort to methods that jeopardize harmonious relations with their neighbors.

The failure of the Chicago and Alton Company to provide itself with feeders west of the Missouri River, as nearly every one of its competitors has done, has resulted in a novel complication, yet one that has assumed a most serious aspect. The management of the Alton Company has prided itself upon its conservative policy in not yielding to the building mania. In consequence of that policy it is now likely to suffer some curtailment of its business, as its competitors insist upon carrying to Chicago over their own lines all of the traffic that is collected upon their extensions west of the Missouri River. The natural remedy for this state of affairs would be for the Alton Company to make a close traffic alliance with some one of the railroads west of the Missouri that does not control a Chicago line of its own. Current rumors would seem to indicate that something of that sort is probable; but it is likely to be accomplished slowly, if at all. In the mean time the Alton Company, in its haste to secure business originating beyond its western terminus, has, according to its competitors, violated the Inter-State Commerce Law, and a formal complaint of its alleged offence has been filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

It looks very much as if the situation in this quarter would not be improved unless the Inter-State Commission bears a firmer hand upon the railroads than it has heretofore. There is plenty of work for the Commission among the Southwestern roads if some one would only furnish the evidence of violations of the law. The officials of the several roads are well advised of the shortcomings of their neighbors, but the trouble is that all are about equally guilty, and consequently afraid to invite punishment by turning State's evidence. Ordinarily the pressure of heavy traffic would determine the rates in this region for a time, at least; but the chances are that on this occasion natural causes will have to be supplemented by the strict enforcement of the Inter-State Commerce Law.

In the Northwest the older roads especially are suffering from the increasing facilities for handling through business by way of Duluth and adjacent points. This is a competition that the railroads tributary to Chicago cannot meet successfully, and the sooner they abandon the effort to do so, the better. Some of them have virtually done so already, but in the main they are compelled to recognize it because the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern road, which extends about two-thirds of the way from St. Paul to Chicago, insists upon trying to meet the schedules of the more direct and cheaper routes running eastward from Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its action, and that of its competitors in following it, have practically fixed a semi-water rate upon a very large proportion of the traffic in the Northwest. As indicating what the competition by way of Duluth amounts to, it may be noted that the cost of carrying freight from that port to Buffalo by steamer has been reduced to less than fifty cents a ton, including interest upon the facilities for doing the work. And the service can be performed in three days. As the Chicago, Burlington, and Northern is an irresponsible concern, backed by a wealthy corporation, there is no telling how long it will continue its unwarranted policy. The larger roads, however, are beginning to appreciate the changed conditions, and will doubtless soon concede that the geography of the situation is too much for them, and confine their efforts to getting fair rates from traffic that is unaffected by the competition described.

Fortunately the Eastern trunk lines and the transcontinental roads are at present enjoying a period of comparative freedom from serious problems, and the Southern roads are reaping the fruits of peaceful prosperity. It is the conviction that the Southwestern and Granger companies are slowly making progress in the same direction that sustains the holders of their securities.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Friday, August* 9, 1889.

A CLOUD.

It drifts adown the peaceful sky unto
No bounden port, the plaything of the air—
A fleecy palace, with a tower fair,
Whose oriel a pale star glimmers through.
Its filmy structure sportive winds undo;
Now it's a boat of Venice, whose sails wear
Indolent folds aflame with color rare—
Day's delicate orange in the western blue.
A white-winged galleon on seas of space,
It vanishes serenely as it came,
Growing in mellow distance less and less,
Until, in turquoise ether, all its grace
Of swan-like hull and sail of trembling flame
Softly dissolves to misty nothingness.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

HALE AND HEARTY IN OLD AGE.

What is more beautiful than an ancient tree clothed with an ample robe of verdure? Apt is the comparison between such a growth and an old man or woman infused with health and vigor. The *sine qua non*, the indispensable condition of vigorous youth, robust manhood, and a virile old age, is sound digestion. Without this life is shorn of the hearty zest that should attend it. No more beneficent and agreeable contributor to the attainment of a hale old age, and efficient means of counteracting the infirmities that too often attend life's decline, can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Dyspeptic symptoms, a tendency to kidney complaint, nervous inquietude, and rheumatic trouble are overcome by its use. The effects of exposure and overwork are nullified by it, and it affords efficient protection to all subjected to malarial influences. Give it a thorough trial.—[*Adv.*]

A prominent St. Louis physician says: "I consider Nicholson's Liquid Bread the most generally serviceable remedy in all those cases that need a nourishing tonic." Ask your grocer or druggist for it.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
The Great Pain Reliever,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies who have tried
CORNELL'S BENZOIN COSMETIC SOAP
will use no other.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies never have any dyspepsia after a wineglass of Angostura Bitters. Sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

The vicissitudes of climate are trying to most constitutions, especially to people having impure blood. For all such (and they constitute the majority) the best safeguard is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the use of which cleanses the blood and strengthens and invigorates the system.—[*Adv.*]

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DETROIT, AND HER INTERNATIONAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

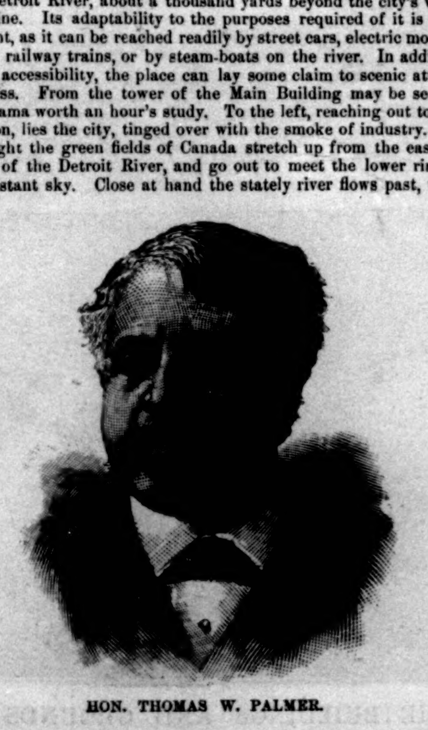
THE trend of modern civilization in the West shows beyond question that the progress of the United States in agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts was never greater than at present. Circumstances of various kinds demonstrate that the burden of growth is not altogether with the far West, but that it is shared in a noteworthy degree by the middle West, which may be described as that magnificent stretch of fertile country lying north of the Ohio River, east of the Mississippi River, and west of the Alleghany Mountains. The most conspicuous illustration of the soundness of this prosperity is seen this year in Michigan, where the people have made arrangements to hold the largest combined fair and exposition ever seen in America. The significance of the enterprise, as indicating the quickened business life of the middle West, may be appreciated fully when it is known that the movement was set on foot in the city of Detroit, the local conservatism of which has wellnigh passed into a proverb.

To remove this implied reproach, and to give Detroit her rightful place among the greater cities of the West, a better method could not have been planned than the combined international fair and exposition which will be held in the city on September 17th to 27th, inclusive. The need of something of this sort to attract attention to the city, and at the same time to show the wide diversity of the products of Michigan, had been felt for several years

HON. JAMES McMILLAN.

by the more progressive of Detroit people, but until this year all efforts having such a purpose in view had come to no practical result, owing in some instances to the action of certain real-estate dealers concerning the selection of a proper site. The present fair and exposition might have come to the same end had less determined or less liberal men had control of it. The claim has been made that the references of the Detroit International Fair and Exposition are its stockholders—among whom are James McMillan, United States Senator; Russell A. Alger, ex-Governor of Michigan; T. W. Palmer, United States Minister to Spain, and formerly a United States Senator; and D. M. Ferry, George H. Barbour, William B. Moran, and Francis Palms, business men of more than local reputation. With these and other capable men of affairs in charge of the project, the obstacles in the way of the selection of a suitable site did not prove to be so overwhelming as in the case of the former projects; in fact, President McMillan and his associates went so far in the matter as to acquire by purchase a site valued at $150,000. This in itself indicates the unusual magnitude of the undertaking, as in most public enterprises of this nature the grounds are provided, free of cost, by committees of citizens.

The site chosen covers seventy acres of ground on the bank of the Detroit River, about a thousand yards beyond the city's western line. Its adaptability to the purposes required of it is self-evident, as it can be reached readily by street cars, electric motors, steam railway trains, or by steam-boats on the river. In addition to its accessibility, the place can lay some claim to scenic attractiveness. From the tower of the Main Building may be seen a panorama worth an hour's study. To the left, reaching out to the horizon, lies the city, tinged over with the smoke of industry. To the right the green fields of Canada stretch up from the eastern shore of the Detroit River, and go out to meet the lower rim of the distant sky. Close at hand the stately river flows past, with



HON. THOMAS W. PALMER.

its fleets of barges, its casual schooners, and its steam craft, while all alongshore the giant elevators and the prosaic warehouses give a strong contrast to the dim beauty of Belle Isle and the farther stretches of river and woodland, and the drifting sails of commerce.

With this excellent site secured, the Association decided to place upon it the most extensive fair and exposition buildings yet constructed. With a capital stock of $500,000 to draw upon, this was by no means a difficult thing to do, and as a result the buildings erected will cover a space of more than fourteen solid acres of ground. Chief of all the structures is the Main Building, which is the largest of its kind in the world. It has a frontage of nearly five hundred feet, with an area for exhibition purposes of about two hundred thousand square feet. From an architectural point of view, the prominent feature of the building is the central tower, which rises to a height of two hundred feet. It is said that there are only six higher towers in the United States. Unlike many towers, this one is well lighted. In fact, its windows contain twenty thousand square feet of glass—an amount that would cover about four and one-half acres of ground. Two or three ordinary State fairs could be held at the same time in this huge building and yet leave room for the usual number of visitors.

When the size and character of the buildings had been decided upon, the question of cash prizes for exhibitors was disposed of by setting aside the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for this purpose. If anything were wanting to convince hard-headed conservatism that the Detroit International Fair and Exposition had a wider range of interest than even the great State of Michigan, or, indeed, the United States themselves, this undoubtedly would be the thing. A fair that offers one hundred thousand dollars in cash prizes is certain to attract attention in other countries than this, despite the overwhelming attractions of the Paris Exposition. Outside of the United States, the people most interested in the Detroit fair are the Canadians. The intelligent inhabitants of Canada invariably take an active interest in fairs and expositions along the American border, mainly because they are close at hand, but also because Canada makes an effort in the same direction herself, with satisfactory results, and also by reason of the fact that most of the residents of the Canadian border are secretly, if not openly, in favor of annexation or commercial union. Whether they acknowledge these sentiments or not, they certainly show a commendable disposition to visit their American neighbors on every reasonable opportunity. In the Detroit fair the Canadians will be unusually well represented. Their strongest showing will be made, no doubt, in the live-stock departments, where their entries of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and other animals will be worth careful attention. The competition between Canada and Michigan in the matter of live-stock will be particularly interesting, as the educated Michigan farmers have an idea that their horses and cattle are the finest in the country. Under these circumstances there can be no doubt that some of the best live-stock in the United States and Canada will be on exhibition at the fair. The prizes offered ought to bring prize-winners from all parts of the American continent. The following table shows some of the cash premiums offered by the Detroit fair, as compared with premiums offered by the Michigan State Fair, the Toronto Fair, and the St. Louis Fair:

	Michigan State Fair.	Toronto.	St. Louis.	Detroit.
Horses, breeders' classes	$2,953	$5,645	$7,995	$13,450
Cattle, " "	3,235	3,399	6,255	14,405
Sheep, " "	1,519	1,949	1,350	3,090
Poultry	377	1,278	721	2,398
Art Department..............	875	1,070	none	6,183
Ladies' Department	326	1,276	2,114	3,610
Total..................	$9,285	$14,617	$18,435	$43,136
Michigan State, Toronto, and St. Louis combined..............				$42,337
Detroit International alone..........................				43,136

The true size of the Detroit fair may be appreciated when the fact is considered that the fairs in St. Louis and Toronto have been the largest in their respective countries. The Ohio Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati last summer offered prizes amounting to $22,877 for horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry. The Detroit fair offers $33,343 in the same classes, and then adds premiums amounting to $6183 for the Art Department, in which the Cincinnati people offered nothing.

The fact that this great fair and exposition will advertise the resources and material interests of Detroit more than those of any other locality ought not to lessen the interest of neighboring cities. Local pride is all well enough in its way, but in this case it would be very much out of place. Not even an active commercial rival should begrudge Detroit the attention that the big show will attract to her. Detroit has needed something of this sort so long that every American ought to feel pleased that she has done so well and so wisely in making what must be considered the beginning of a new public spirit. The managers of the enterprise are to be congratulated upon the success with which they have secured the active co-operation of Detroit's ultra-conservative and overcautious element, and upon the wisdom of adopting the new plan of combining fair and exposition together in one great whole, and placing them in a location where plenty of ground could be obtained for out-door sports. Improvements are being made constantly in the matter of agricultural and industrial displays, as in everything else, and it has been found that the system of combining fair and exposition is rapidly displacing the old style of exposition, in which machinery and trade exhibits were placed in one building. The tendency of the present age is toward concentration. The average man, and particularly the busy farmer, will not go to two or three different kinds of agricultural, mechanical, and trade shows when he can see the whole thing, and more too, at one time and for one price of admission.

I fancy, however, that the thrifty person who tries to see the Detroit International Fair and Exposition for one price of admission will be sorry for it afterward, unless he be a postman, or what is sometimes spoken of as a professional pedestrian. The combination show will be far too large to be seen in one day. The Main Building alone, with its two floors of exhibits, its fountains, its embowered central courts, and its music by Cappa's famous Seventh Regiment Band from New York city, will occupy the visitor's attention one long day and evening. This is at best only a good beginning, for out in the spacious grounds there will be a bewildering diversity of things demanding consideration. To the agriculturist keenly alive to improvements of farm machinery there will be nearly fifteen acres of mowers, reapers, harvesters, windmills, engines, and all manner of agricultural implements, under tents and private structures. This display will be entirely independent of Machinery Hall, where the mechanic and the artisan will find the latest improvements in labor-saving devices.

Naturally the farmer will find the live-stock buildings the most

GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.

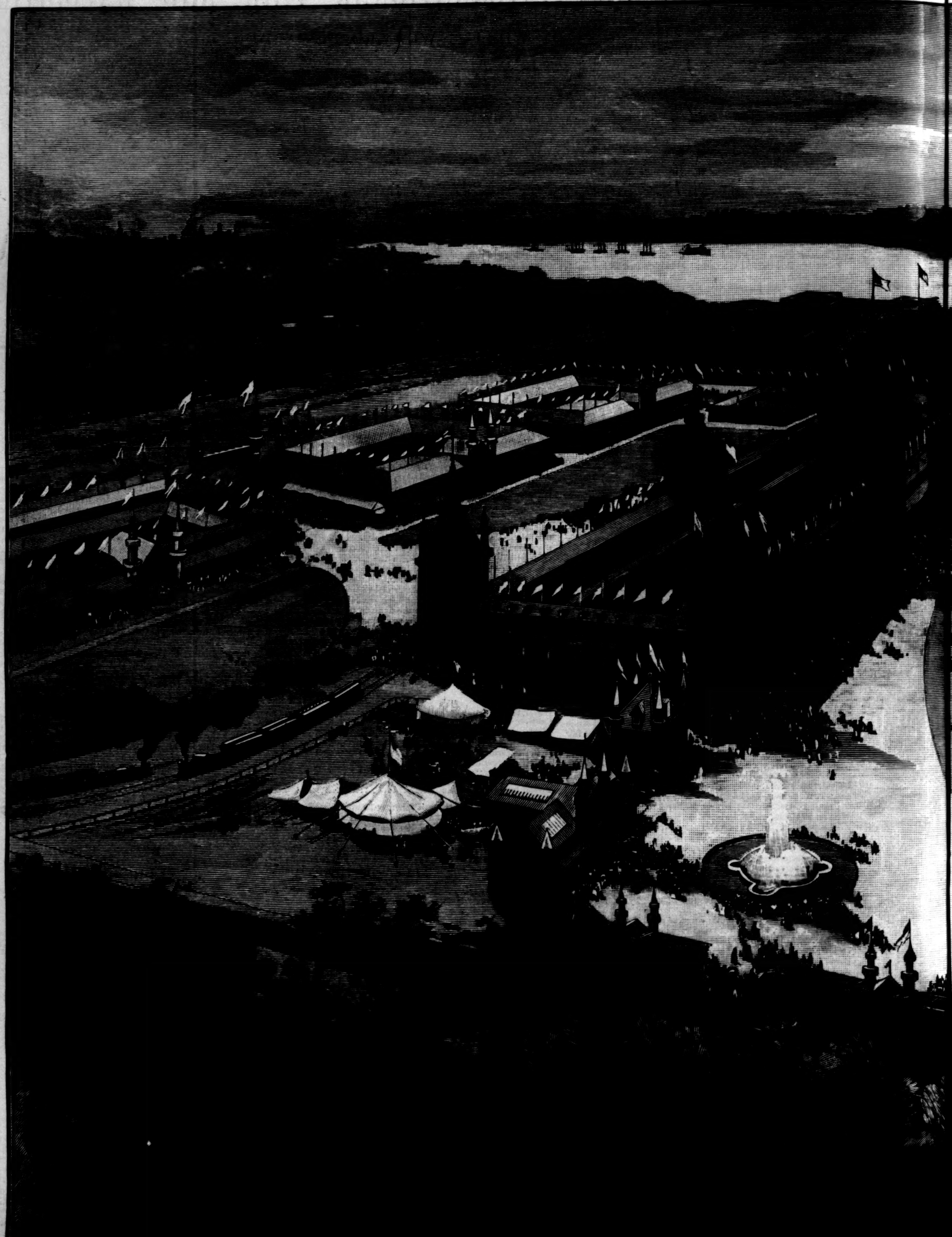
attractive in the grounds. Each of the four buildings for the exhibition of live-stock will be three hundred feet square, with a large inner court for the exercise and display of animals. If placed side by side, the stalls in these buildings would reach two miles. It is not too much to say that the display in these buildings, probably, will be the finest ever seen in the West. Of lesser general interest, perhaps, but yet equally as important in its special field, will be the exhibition of fowls, dogs, and household pets, which will be contained in a well-lighted and well-ventilated building three hundred feet in length. Prize-winners from all parts of the American continent, and also from European countries, will meet in open competition in this building, thereby adding the charm of an international contest to the ordinary attractions.

In contrast to all the material considerations that I have touched upon is the interest of the art display, which will be contained in a building having a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet. The display will include the American Prize Fund Collection, consisting of three hundred and fifty paintings by two hundred American artists. The chief attractions in the Art Building, however, will be the two famous paintings, "The Russian Wedding Feast," and "The Last Hours of Mozart."

Aside from the regular features of fair and exposition, which I have named in a necessarily cursory manner, there will be plenty of special features to entertain the visitor. Chief of these will be the contests on the race-track. In reality the trials of speed among the horses ought not to be classed as a special feature, as horse-racing has been a regular part of public shows of this kind since the days of the Roman hippodrome. Baseball, lacrosse, polo, and bicycle competitions, however, may safely be classed as special features, although the example set by Detroit may cause them to become regular parts of future fairs and expositions. This is to be hoped for, if for nothing more than the diversity of interest that it would create.

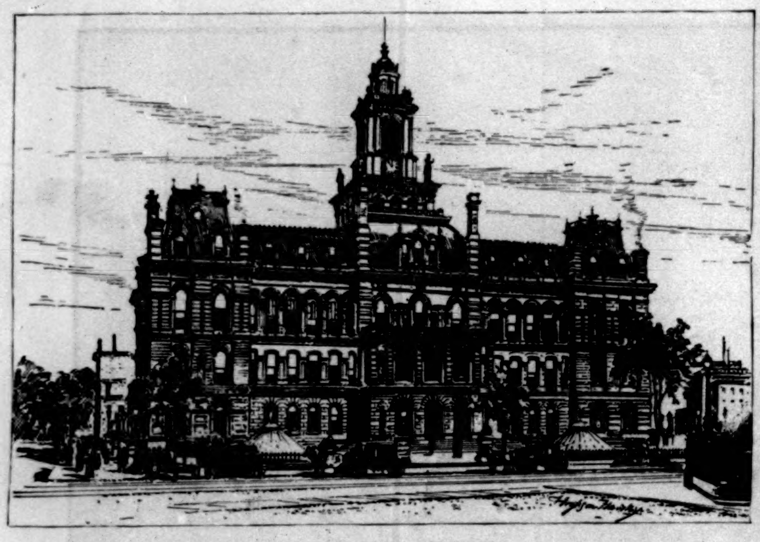
MR. D. M. FERRY.

In the Detroit fair there will be no lack of diversity of interest. The representation made by Michigan alone would stock two ordinary fairs, as any one will readily believe who knows what the State can do when she tries. The rank of Michigan as an agricultural State is hardly understood, owing, no doubt, to the importance of her lumber and mining interests. Official statistics show that she has 8,400,000 acres of improved lands, the gross value of which is $500,000,000. Her live-stock, if sold, would bring $55,720,000. One-sixth of her people are engaged in agricultural pursuits; and that, too, mostly on small farms. In the number of farms between twenty-five and fifty acres in extent, occupied by owners, Michigan stands first in the United States, and fourth in the number of farms of from fifty to one hundred acres. In the production of hops, potatoes, and buckwheat she ranks fourth, in wheat fourth, in wool third, in oats ninth, in barley ninth, in horses tenth, in oxen ninth, in milch-cows eleventh, and in sheep fourth. These comparisons indicate, in a general way, the agricultural resources of the State, while the prosperous condition of the State Agricultural College shows the interest taken



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS OF THE DETRO

T INTERNATIONAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.



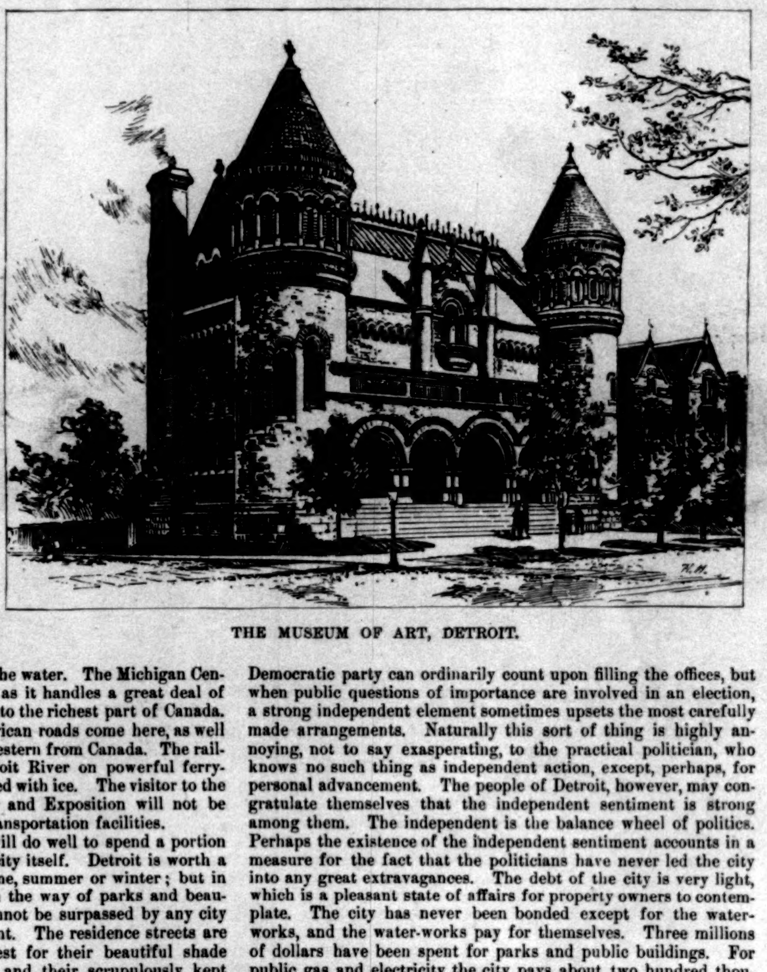
THE CITY HALL, DETROIT.

by the people in the study of farming as a science, and not as a mere hap-hazard digging-up of the soil. The College has a farm of 676 acres, valued at $350,000. Instruction is given to more than three hundred students. The State Agricultural Society, which was incorporated in 1849, has grown in such a substantial manner that at present it has four large and important sub-societies, known as the Northeastern, the Eastern, the Western, and the Central Michigan Societies. This is by no means the extent of the interest taken in organized effort for improvement. In different parts of the State there are more than one hundred and twenty-five distinct agricultural and breeders' societies in active operation. The State Grange has a large and influential following. The Holstein-Friesian Cattle-Breeders' Association has some of the most important breeders in the West and Northwest among its members. The bee-keepers and the dairymen have unusually strong associations.

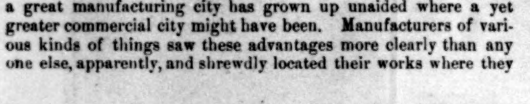
Thus it will be seen that Michigan is fully justified in setting out to hold an international fair and exposition. Even a passing consideration of the city of Detroit will show, also, that the local home of the great undertaking was well chosen. The city lies on the west bank of the Detroit River, at the natural crossing-point between Canada and Michigan. The population is thought to be between two hundred and two hundred and fifty thousand. The City Directory for 1888 contained 85,200 names. By using the figure 3 as a multiple, the directory publishers estimate the population at 255,000, which is probably something in excess of the actual number. The census in 1880 gave Detroit a population of 135,000, but since that time the city has annexed its outlying districts, which contained most of the manufacturing establishments. The increase in population in recent years has been very large. Conservative estimates place the increase at ten thousand a year. An idea of the annual gain may be obtained from the fact that the City Directory for 1888 contained 5444 more names than the same directory for 1887.

Detroit may congratulate herself on this excellent showing, for the reason that there has been nothing of the typical far Western boom about this growth. Indeed, Detroit has rather erred on the side of caution and commercial distrust. It is the opinion of many of her business men that the city would now be twice her size had proper means been taken for the encouragement of her growth in the past. This is to some extent true, as the business character of the place shows. The city is above all a manufacturing point. The unusual natural advantages of this place are plain to the least careful observer when the fact is considered that here a great manufacturing city has grown up unaided where a yet greater commercial city might have been. Manufacturers of various kinds of things saw these advantages more clearly than any one else, apparently, and shrewdly located their works where they could ship their goods by rail or water to all parts of the country, east, west, and south, while, at the same time, having the raw material close at hand. Among the largest of her manufacturing concerns are three car-works, three stove-works, and two medicine factories. These establishments are of national importance. The iron industry is large and growing. One of the largest and best-known seed houses in the world has its head-quarters here. The tobacco manufacturing interests are very strong. Ship-building is carried on to a considerable extent, while the handling and manufacturing of lumber in various forms give employment to large numbers of men. Few logs are sawed at Detroit, but many Detroit men are interested in the logging camps in the northern part of the State. Wealthy lumbermen of Michigan have built many of the finest private houses in Detroit, alike creditable to themselves and ornamental to the city. Their presence has been beneficial in other directions, chief among which is the financial soundness that they have helped to give to the city. In times of panics Detroit's business men stand like rocks. Moreover, the city itself is owned by its inhabitants, and not by Eastern capitalists at nine per cent. interest a year.

The transportation facilities for the commerce and manufactures of Detroit could not well be better than they are. The lake traffic that passes up and down the Detroit River is enormous. It is estimated that a lake craft of some sort or other passes Detroit every seven and one-half minutes during the season. From Detroit there are regular lines of passenger steamers to all parts of the great lakes, from Buffalo on the east to Duluth at the head of lake navigation. The Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company makes a specialty of summer tourist travel between Detroit and Cleveland. The railroad transportation facilities at Detroit are exceptionally complete and comprehensive, even to connections with the remoter parts of Canada. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad comes around the head of Lake Erie, and gives a direct route East by connecting with the New York Central and Hudson River Railway at Buffalo. The Central-Hudson's fast Chicago limited trains take the Lake Shore tracks west of Buffalo. A pleasant ride from New York to Detroit is made by taking the picturesque New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad to Cleveland, where, after a few hours' sight-seeing, one may board a night steamer for Detroit. The advantage of this is a quick and comfortable run to Cleveland, a drive on beautiful Euclid Avenue, and a night's rest on the water. The Michigan Central is an important road at Detroit, as it handles a great deal of Michigan business, and reaches out into the richest part of Canada. The Wabash and several other American roads come here, as well as the Grand Trunk and the Great Western from Canada. The railway trains cross the Detroit River on powerful ferry-boats, even when it is choked with ice. The visitor to the Detroit International Fair and Exposition will not be troubled by any lack of transportation facilities.



THE MUSEUM OF ART, DETROIT.



WOODWARD AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, DETROIT.

The visitor to the fair will do well to spend a portion of his time in seeing the city itself. Detroit is worth a three days' visit at any time, summer or winter; but in summer her attractions in the way of parks and beautifully shaded avenues cannot be surpassed by any city of her size on the continent. The residence streets are noted throughout the West for their beautiful shade trees of elm and maple, and their scrupulously kept lawns and private grounds. From an architectural point of view, there are many fine business blocks, public buildings, and places of residence worth consideration. The new Art Museum shows plainly the architectural tendencies of the city, and at the same time indicates the genuine interest in art and the sciences taken by the people. An art school of promise has been established in connection with the museum. Both museum and school are the result of a popular subscription. This is by no means the only outward expression of the intellectual culture of the people. The city is, in fact, noted for its private art galleries and libraries. A number of literary societies are in existence, together with many social organizations of various aims. The Detroit Club and the Grosse Pointe Club are the leading clubs, the members of the last-named of which have summer cottages at Grosse Pointe, where they fish, shoot, and concern themselves with other out-door amusements. Apart from the Art Museum, a creditable accession to the artistic features of the city is the drinking fountain in the principal square. It was placed there by a provision in the will of the late John J. Bagley, formerly Governor of Michigan. The simple harmony of the design is much enhanced by the unusual beauty of the material, which is, for the most part, a delicate cream-colored stone, flecked thickly with spots of dull brown and black. Doubtless the honest laborer, as he drinks from it, and contemplates the ornamental trivialities of the Court-house close by, or the bold grace of the statue of Michigan in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on the other side of the way, wonders vaguely what there is about this simple little pillar of stone that made it cost four or five thousand dollars.

The artistic and literary characteristics of Detroit are found in all Western cities that have as their leading citizens educated natives of New York and New England. A large number of New York and New England men are engaged in business in Detroit. The foreign-born portion of the population is made up of Irish and Germans. Recently the Polish element has become prominent. Among all walks of life in Detroit the Poles are said to be hard-working and industrious people. They have their own schools and church organizations. The necessity for separate schools of their own is not quite apparent, as the public schools of Detroit are open to all. They are as good, too, as any in the West. The school system is based on that in use in Connecticut, where the science of public instruction has for many years been in a high state of development.

Detroit's culture in art and literature is harmoniously rounded out and given pleasing symmetry by an educated taste for music, which finds public expression in symphony concerts and musical entertainments. Several musical clubs are in active existence, a leader among which is the Detroit Musical Society, which gives occasional concerts. The artistic, literary, and musical tendencies of the people are steadfastly encouraged by the newspapers, which, almost without exception, show a breadth and liberality in their treatment of these things that promises exceedingly well for the future. In their consideration of other and more material affairs, the best of the Detroit newspapers keep in view the general good of their readers quite as conscientiously, I think, as any similar journals in the country. I believe that I am entirely justified in saying that Detroit may well be satisfied with her newspapers. There are two morning dailies—the *Free-Press* and the *Tribune*; two evening dailies—the *News* and the *Journal*; three German dailies, and several religious weeklies and other publications. The *Free-Press* has an international reputation for its humor, its pathos, and its unfaltering good sense. Its weekly issue is printed in three editions, one of which is made up for the State of Michigan, another for the United States in general, and the third for the people of Europe. The *Tribune* is carefully edited and well conducted. Its political influence is recognized by all factions. The *News* and the *Journal* are both newsy, enterprising, and capable. In political affiliations the newspapers are nearly evenly divided. For that matter, so is the city itself. By hard work the Democratic party can ordinarily count upon filling the offices, but when public questions of importance are involved in an election, a strong independent element sometimes upsets the most carefully made arrangements. Naturally this sort of thing is highly annoying, not to say exasperating, to the practical politician, who knows no such thing as independent action, except, perhaps, for personal advancement. The people of Detroit, however, may congratulate themselves that the independent sentiment is strong among them. The independent is the balance wheel of politics. Perhaps the existence of the independent sentiment accounts in a measure for the fact that the politicians have never led the city into any great extravagances. The debt of the city is very light, which is a pleasant state of affairs for property owners to contemplate. The city has never been bonded except for the water-works, and the water-works pay for themselves. Three millions of dollars have been spent for parks and public buildings. For public gas and electricity the city pays about two hundred thousand dollars a year.

The safe financial condition of the city has no doubt stimulated the building of private houses to an unusual degree. The assurance of a comparatively low rate of taxation is a strong incentive to the person of moderate means to own his own home. Individual ownership of houses is a marked feature of Detroit realty. Working-men of moderate incomes have been, in many cases, enabled to acquire city lots and cottages of their own. With a shrewd appreciation of this economical tendency, speculative real-estate dealers have made handsome profits by selling cottages on the monthly instalment plan. The individual ownership of houses, added to the home feeling that such a condition of things necessarily implies, is given as the reason why Detroit is so reluctant in its encouragement of theatrical performances. In the vernacular of the greenroom—if such there be—Detroit is often described as "the graveyard of the road." To my own knowledge many a hopeful travelling company has left Detroit with tears of grief and rage, and with very little else worth mentioning as available assets. In other cities I have occasionally found the same peculiarity, for local peculiarity merely I take it to be. Indianapolis more nearly resembles Detroit in this respect than any other Western city.

In social matters the city is reasonably democratic. Originally, the society was composed of military men and their families; but the place has long since outgrown its character as a military post, although Fort Wayne is still maintained as a border station. The spirit of change has come over its surroundings, however, as the fort is wellnigh overridden by the big buildings and spacious grounds of the Detroit International Fair and Exposition close at hand. Visitors to the big fair can see in the fort a passing indication of Detroit's original character; yet, I fancy, they will find her present character more interesting and attractive. It is a beautiful city, strong in resources, full of life, and rich with opportunity. If this great fair and exposition be, as it seems to me, an indication of new business spirit and enterprise, the future of the city will be creditable alike to herself, to the State of Michigan, and to the American nation.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE.

BY CHARLES ARNOLD McCULLY.

EARLY in the present year a leading daily paper of Boston published an article, afterward widely copied, in which the trotting horse of to-day was compared with the animal of the past, much to the disparagement of the former. The writer, Rev. W. H. H. Murray, has long been known as a lover of the light-harness horse, and was at one time actively engaged in breeding and rearing that stock as a commercial enterprise. It might be argued that, since Mr. Murray had little or no success as a breeder, and finally abandoned his stock farm, he was not competent to give an opinion regarding what value attaches to the efforts of those who have labored before and during his time, and are still trying to improve the breed of trotters. But it will be fairer and of more value to a most popular subject to discuss the case briefly on its merits, and endeavor to ascertain whether the breeding of the American trotter has been progressing or retrograding, and if it is a success or a failure. Mr. Murray complains that in New England the Morgan horse, that was the fashionable strain in an earlier day, has given place to a breed of "trotters," bred for speed alone. He admits that the faster animal has taken the place of his ideal roadster, and immediately asserts that such breeding is solely a matter of luck, using the lottery ticket as a simile to express his estimate of such a venture.

If it be true, as admitted, that the modern trotter, with an extreme flight of speed, has filled the place in the popular fancy of his high-stepping predecessors, to whom a mile in three minutes was a supreme effort, there must be a natural cause for the change. If the road-riding people of this country wanted the Morgan horse, that is the animal that would command the price and be more extensively bred than ever. But the fact is, New England, in common with the rest of the United States, has found a new pleasure, that has been growing in favor for more than fifty years, and now eclipses in its extent and influence any other pastime. This is the contest or trial of speed between horses at the trotting gait, seconded in a lesser measure by similar contests at the pace or lateral gait. That is why men are giving their time and thoughts to breeding for speed instead of style, and explains the decline and fall of the Morgan and kindred strains, until, as Mr. Murray says, "the glory of the class they composed is departed."

Nor is this new type of horse only fit for the race-track. His neck may not arch like Cupid's bow, and his tail may not rise in a majestic sweep when he starts to move, but he is ready to do his work when hitched to a carriage; and having much less waste action, gets over more ground with less fuss and show than the effete ideal so deplored by Mr. Murray. As a matter of fact, too, the Morgan horse is not extinct in New England; he still exists, oftentimes blended with strains from other sections of the country, and occasionally in a separate and distinct form. But he too has been affected by the demand for stock able to compete for fortune and fame on the race-track, and by the aid of modern devices for developing speed, has been moulded to meet the requirements of the day. Of trotting roadsters there is now a larger and better supply than was possible half a century ago, but they are lost sight of, while their faster fellows, trained and equipped for exciting battles on the race-track, fill the popular eye, and are eagerly sought on all sides.

So it is, then, that the trotting horse means first and essentially an animal designed for racing, whose value increases as his speed, just as the worth of the diamond multiplies as its size becomes remarkable.

Away back in 1810, a horse brought from Boston to Philadelphia is said to have trotted a mile in 2.48½—as much of a champion feat as was the mile in 2.8¾ made by Maud S. in 1885; yet the pioneer trotter could have been bought for a few hundred dollars, while the living queen of the turf was not for sale at $100,000 when William H. Vanderbilt owned her, and the sum ($40,000) for which he transferred her to Robert Bonner was merely a nominal figure.

This year, a colt, Bell Boy, brought more than $50,000 at auction; the two-year-old Mascot realized $26,000 at competitive sale in New York; and another, California-bred trotter, the stallion Stamboul, record 2.14½, changed hands privately for $50,000. These are only samples of the long prices that have been paid for fast or well-bred stock; and the phenomenally speedy colt Axtell (Fig. 1), three years old, who trotted in 2.14¾ at Cleveland, August 1st, is valued by his owner at $100,000, and three-quarters of that sum was promptly refused within a few days for this new champion. Twenty odd years ago, when Robert Bonner set the fashion of giving a snug fortune for the fastest trotting horses as they appeared on the turf, it was deemed a sheer waste of money; but to-day there is practically no limit, from a purely business standpoint, to the value of a promising or tried trotter. Bell Boy, through his stud engagements, can bring an annual revenue of $20,000 to his owners, and there is no stronger illustration of this increase in value than is seen in the fact that an untried young sire commands the same price ($500) as was set upon the generative powers of Rysdyk's Hambletonian himself when he was in the zenith of his fame.

To harness racing, then, is principally due the evolution of the American trotting horse, which, commencing slowly in the second quarter of the present century, has increased rapidly during the past thirty years. The achievement of 1810 has been beaten by about forty seconds, and it will not be surprising to see a trotter accomplish a mile in two minutes of time before the century closes. That is the acme now in the minds of those who are breeding for extreme speed, and no one disputes its possibility. The cause of this most remarkable advance, by which the trotting gait, formerly but the connecting motion between the walk and the run, has been brought to a point of cultivation that makes it second only to the swift gallop, lies in the fact that the horsemen of this country, quick to see the possibilities connected with fast trotting, turned their attention in that direction, with the result already stated, namely, that a horse has been produced to trot a mile nearly a minute faster than was possible eighty years ago, while the animal itself is in every way superior to the early strain. The original carriage horse of this country was descended from breeds brought here from England and the continent of Europe. The thorough-bred was at that time the only variety to whose breeding any attention was directed, and, as a matter of fact, the American trotter owes most of his good qualities to the English thorough-bred. In 1768 there was foaled near Leeds, in Yorkshire, a colt afterward called Mambrino; his sire, Engineer, was thorough-bred, as was his dam, Dulcinea, by Cade, son of Godolphin Arabian, and the colt inherited the blood of many famous winners on the running turf. He himself was trained, and won several races, but not until he was well matured. While training for the Newmarket stake in 1779, Mambrino broke down, and was thereafter used for stock purposes. The most significant fact about Mambrino was that, though he could run fast, and was exceptionally good at long distances, his natural gait was the trot, and Lord Grosvenor, who owned him, always stood ready to wager that his gray stallion could trot fourteen miles in an hour—an unheard-of feat up to that time.

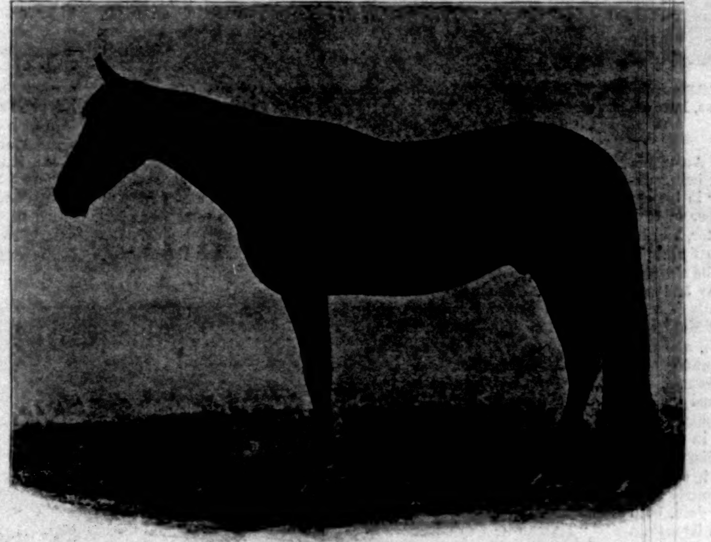


FIG. 1.—AXTELL, 2.14¾, CHAMPION THREE-YEAR-OLD TROTTER.—FROM SKETCH BY F. WHITNEY.

Whyte's *History of the British Turf* says of Mambrino that "he was likewise the sire of a great many excellent hunters, and strong, useful road horses, and it has been said that from his blood the breed of horses for the coach was brought nearly to its present state of perfection." Among the numerous progeny of Mambrino were some that found their way to the United States. In 1787 a chestnut filly, two years old, named Mambrina, was imported to South Carolina. This daughter of Mambrino produced several foals that were fast, and one, called Fairy, was owned by General Washington himself. But a much more notable event was the importation of a son of Mambrino, the now famous Messenger, who was brought to this country in 1788, and landed from a ship at South Market Street, Philadelphia, on the 27th of May. Imported Messenger, as he is called, was then eight years old, and he, too, was strictly thorough-bred. Soon after he arrived he was advertised as available for breeding at three guineas, and one dollar for the groom. No one then could foresee that from the loins of this stout English thorough-bred there should come a race of horses that would eclipse all others at the trotting gait. Like his sire, Messenger had what may be called the trotting instinct, and, what was of much more importance, he possessed the power to transmit that to his get. In 1794 Messenger was purchased by Henry Astor, and brought to New York. From that time to his death he remained in and about the metropolis, becoming more and more valuable as his colts continued to show their superiority over all others. Indeed, so famous did he become that, when he died, at Townsend Cock's stables, Oyster Bay, Long Island, on the 28th of January, 1808, horsemen came from everywhere to see the body of this great sire, and he was buried with more ceremony than is accorded to the average member of the human race.

In appearance Messenger was a horse of great power, standing almost 15.3 hands high, and, like his sire, of a gray color, becoming flea-bitten, or covered with brown specks, as he grew old. His mane and tail were thin; his ears were large, but always erect, denoting great vitality; his head was large and long; his neck was short, and his nostrils were twice as large as those of the average horse. A more striking characteristic was that his withers were very low, so that he stood higher behind than he did at the shoulders. This peculiarity has been transmitted through many generations, and is known as the "Messenger pitch." Most of the trotting champions have inherited this slope from hip to withers, and there is no doubt that it plays an important part in the effort for extreme speed. One experienced horseman says that "the Messenger pitch makes down-hill trotters"; that is, the hind parts, being elevated, send the horse along almost in spite of himself.

One of those who saw Messenger says of him: "His barrel, loins, hips, and quarters were incomparable, and he was far superior to all others."

In earlier days there were naturally local prejudices in favor of other breeds of horses that could trot fast, but with the advance of time there has come overwhelming testimony to show that the stout gray stallion, imported Messenger, laid the foundation of the American trotting horse of to-day. Of his sons the one destined to affect the breeding interest most largely was Mambrino, a thorough-bred stallion, his dam being by imported Sour Crout. Mambrino was a roughly built horse, and had none of the fine thorough-bred finish in his make-up. He was trained, and ran several times, but finally broke down, and was placed in the stud. It is said of him that he inherited the trotting instinct so marked in his English grandsire, and a number of his colts achieved honors on the trotting turf. One of them, a mare, Betsy Baker, defeated the famous Top Gallant, and is credited with the ability to trot twenty miles in an hour. Among the mares bred to Mambrino was a pair owned by John Treadwell, of Brooklyn, N.Y., named Amazonia and Sophinisba. The result of the union with Amazonia was a bay colt, foaled in 1823, called Abdallah, from whom has come the fastest and most fashionable strains of trotters ever produced in

FIG. 2.—RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN, THE GREAT SIRE OF TROTTERS.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

FIG. 3.—HAROLD, SIRE OF MAUD S.—FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

Fig. 4.—GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID, THE GREAT MOTHER OF TROTTERS.—From Copyrighted Photograph by Schreiber & Sons, Philadelphia.

this country. He too was an inbred Messenger, for Amazonia was by a son of the great stallion, her dam's breeding being unknown. Abdallah lived till 1854, but was not cared for in his old age, and perished on a Long Island beach in November of that year. Three of his get obtained records of 2.30 or better, and he also sired a pacer with a record of 2.27; but the most notable event in his stud career was when he was mated with the Charles Kent Mare, June 5, 1848, and got a bay colt, foaled May 5, 1849, who was destined to be the founder of the greatest family of trotting horses the world has ever seen. This Charles Kent Mare was owned by Jonas Seely, of Chester, Orange County, N. Y., and was herself quite well bred, her sire being imported Bellfounder, and her dam, One Eye, was by Bishop's Hambletonian, a son of imported Messenger. This mare One Eye was also owned by Mr. Seely, and although she was never trained, had the reputation of being the most remarkable natural trotter ever seen in Orange County. She was foaled in 1815, and besides the infusion of Messenger blood through her sire, had another stream of it through her dam, Silver Tail, also by Messenger. When this strongly bred colt by Abdallah was still running by the side of its dam, both were purchased for $125 from Mr. Seely by William M. Rysdyk, a farmer, who also lived at Chester, and was desirous of owning some good stock. Mr. Rysdyk proved to be a man of considerable shrewdness, and while he is entitled to some credit for making the selection of this colt, he could have had no idea that he was buying so wonderful a sire. In choosing a name for his colt, Mr. Rysdyk was influenced by the fact that a stallion called Harris's Hambletonian had got several fast trotters during his stud career in Vermont, and as he had died in 1846, the name Hambletonian was given to the colt, related to him on the maternal side. (Fig. 2.)

To Mr. David Bonner, of New York, who probably knows more about Hambletonian than any horseman living, I am indebted for the following history and description of this remarkable stallion:

"When Mr. Rysdyk's colt was two years old he commenced using him for stock purposes. In 1851 he got three foals, one of which afterward became famous as Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid. It was not until 1860 that I first met Mr. Rysdyk and saw his horse. I was attracted to him because he was by Abdallah, and also on account of the speed shown by a bay gelding called Nutwood, sired by Hambletonian. At that time match-making was the popular way of arranging contests between trotters. Nutwood had been matched several times, and his opponents had paid forfeit rather than compete with him. An advertisement of Mr. Rysdyk's horse appeared in the *Spirit of the Times* in 1860, and I went to Chester to see him. He was then eleven years old, and I was greatly impressed by his many good points. He was a grand horse in every respect, and was then in his full vigor, but had only a local reputation as a sire of trotters, and his stud fee was $35. Hambletonian was a dark bay in color, with two white ankles behind, and a small star in his forehead. He was about fifteen and a half hands high, and was heavily built and substantial. He had a head which, though rather plain, was much more pleasing than it appears in any of the pictures of him I have ever seen. It was large and heavy, but clean and long, with the large powerful jaw which is still characteristic of many of his descendants. A remarkable feature was his eye, which was unusually prominent, more so than in any horse I can recall, and denoted the keen intelligence possessed by the horse. Added to this he had a most excellent disposition, mild and kind, and he remained so even in his old age. I consider that the brain force of Hambletonian contributed much to the superiority of his progeny, and while some of his sons proved rather vicious, they did not inherit this from their sire.

"Hambletonian's neck was a trifle short to be in harmony with his general make-up, but it was of good shape, and not at all thick, as has been written of him, with a clean-cut throat and plenty of breathing-room. His shoulders were oblique and muscular, running into a well-rounded body, with broad and powerful loins. His hips were elevated, making him higher behind than at the withers, and his quarters were simply immense. Then, too, he had a splendid set of legs, clean and free from blemishes, with an abundance of bone. Like his sire, Abdallah, he had good hocks, broad and well let down, permitting free action of the legs. His feet were well formed, of fine texture, and free from contraction. For a horse whose physical powers were so little exercised, his muscular development was phenomenal.

"Though he was never trained for racing or a record, he possessed quite a turn of natural speed, and on one occasion, at Mr. Rysdyk's request, I started the stallion up to see his motion, as I was driving him hitched to a skeleton wagon in front of his owner's house at Chester. He responded at once when asked to quicken his pace, and I am persuaded showed me a gait equal to a mile in 2.40, or faster, and Mr. Rysdyk assured me he had not gone faster than a slow jog for five years. It has been frequently written and remarked that Hambletonian, though a great sire of trotters, did not possess any speed himself; but this is not true, and there is no doubt that if he had been trained and used for racing, he would have trotted quite fast. A further evidence of this is that in 1852 Mr. Rysdyk brought his colt to a fair at the American Institute in this city, and during his visit was induced to take Hambletonian to Union Course, Long Island, to try his speed. There he trotted, hitched to a sulky, against another colt got by Abdallah, called Roe's Abdallah Chief, and beat his half-brother, going the mile in 3.3. This was his first experience in a sulky, as he had been led beside a pacer in bitting harness while Mr. Rysdyk was breaking him.

"It was not until a brown stallion by Hambletonian, called Robert Fillingham, defeated the crack trotter Ethan Allen, in 1862, in a match for $10,000 at Fashion Course, Long Island, that Mr. Rysdyk's horse achieved national fame as a sire of trotters. By my advice the service fee of the stallion was increased, and in 1864 it was $100, then raised to $300, and during the last ten years of his stud career it was $500. From statistics in my possession it is shown that Hambletonian got 1330 foals between 1851 and 1875, and his gross earnings amounted to $205,750."

Mr. Rysdyk did not live to see the last of his cherished horse, as he himself died in 1873, and Hambletonian survived till March 27, 1876, having lived for nearly twenty-seven years.

In his will Mr. Rysdyk provided that a certain piece of land should be preserved as a grave for his horse, and he was buried as directed. A small marble slab marks the spot, and contains a short record of the horse, and an effort has been since made to raise a fund and substitute a more valuable tribute to his memory. Whether this is accomplished or not, Rysdyk's Hambletonian has left a lasting monument in a progeny endowed with trotting ability and endurance to a wonderful degree. His descendants are to be found in all parts of this country, while of late years many of them have been sent to Europe and South America. In the first generation forty of his get have earned records of 2.30 or better, the greatest of them being the brown gelding Dexter, whose mile at Buffalo, August 14, 1867, in 2.17¼, gave him and his sire a world-wide fame, and made him the champion trotter until Goldsmith Maid wrested the laurel from him. One other of Hambletonian's get—the bay mare Nettie—trotted in 2.18, and it is a significant fact that both she and Dexter were out of mares by a stallion called Seely's American Star, that was kept at Goshen, the county-seat of Orange County, until his death in 1861. This horse must have been nearly thorough-bred, and his daughters proved a most successful cross with Hambletonian, as we have seen that his two fastest colts were out of Star mares, and no less than thirteen of his 2.30 performers were produced by mares sired by this same American Star stallion.

But if the "Hero of Chester," as Hambletonian is often called, was a great sire of trotters in the first generation, one almost loses sight of that fact in view of his incomparable ability to transmit speed through succeeding generations. His numerous sons and daughters have continued to beget and produce fast stock, until it is the exception to find a fast trotter that cannot trace directly

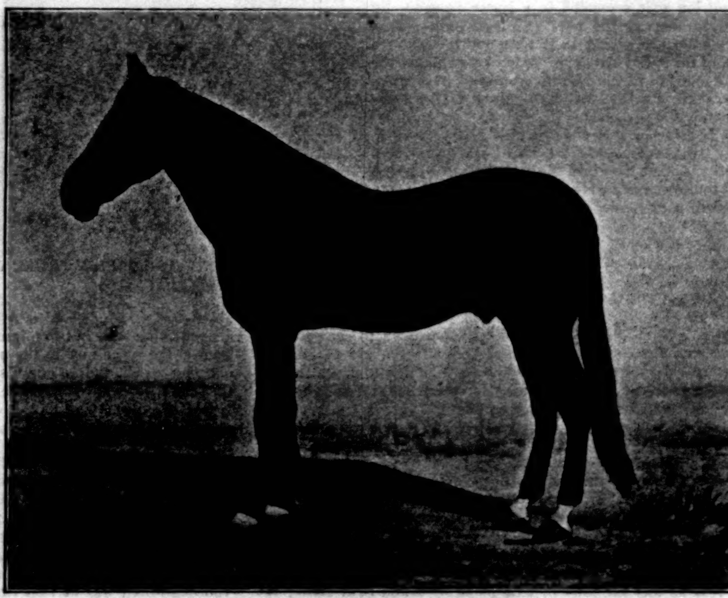


Fig. 6.—ELECTIONEER, THE PREMIER SIRE OF MENLO PARK FARM. From Photograph by Taber, San Francisco.

back to him in the male or female line, and it is no uncommon thing to see a horse inheriting his blood on both sides. Inbreeding is something about which horsemen are much at variance, but it is generally conceded that there can scarcely be too many streams of the wonderfully potent blood of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. To attempt a comprehensive statement of what his descendants have done is beyond the scope of this article, but some notion of his phenomenal power may be had from a brief reference to the statistics of the turf. Up to the close of 1888 there were 107 sons of Hambletonian that had sired 567 trotters with records from 2.8¾ to 2.30, and forty-four dams by him had produced forty-nine foals that have trotted to records ranging from 2.14 to 2.30.

To Harold (Fig. 3), foaled in 1864, his dam, Enchantress, being by the same Abdallah that got Hambletonian, belongs the distinction of having sired Maud S., the present queen of the trotting arena. Harold was bred in Illinois, but his success in the stud has been made at Woodburn Farm, in Kentucky. It is worthy of note that at this same stock farm another son of Hambletonian—Alexander's Abdallah—was also kept until killed by soldiers in 1865; this horse got a bay mare out of a dam by his grandsire, Abdallah, that, as Goldsmith Maid, is known as the champion of her time, her record of 2.14 being scarcely as remarkable as the fact that she won 332 mile heats in 2.30 or better. Goldsmith Maid was not bred at Woodburn Farm; but it was there, in 1873, that the mare Miss Russell was mated to Harold, and the next year a chestnut filly was foaled destined to show a greater flight of speed for a mile than any trotter the world has yet seen. The subsequent history of the mare, her rapid development, her purchase by William H. Vanderbilt, her triumphs on the turf while in his possession, her transfer to Robert Bonner, and her continued improvement under his direction till she trotted her fastest mile at Cleveland, July 30, 1885, are familiar facts, known to the most casual observer. To-day Maud S., now fifteen years old, is as strong and vigorous as ever, and Mr. Bonner keeps her in constant exercise, occasionally permitting her to trot for a short distance at her highest speed, which she seems to enjoy as much as she did when in racing form. It is not probable that Maud S. will ever again trot in public, as Mr. Bonner's love for the comfort of his horses is greater than his desire to exhibit their powers, and his favorite mare has passed the age when she can stand the severity of training for a supreme effort without a risk of overtaxing her powers. Harold gave no promise of being a great sire in the early part of his stud life, but he has since got quite a number of trotters that have beaten 2.30, though none of them have attained to anything like the speed of Maud S. This

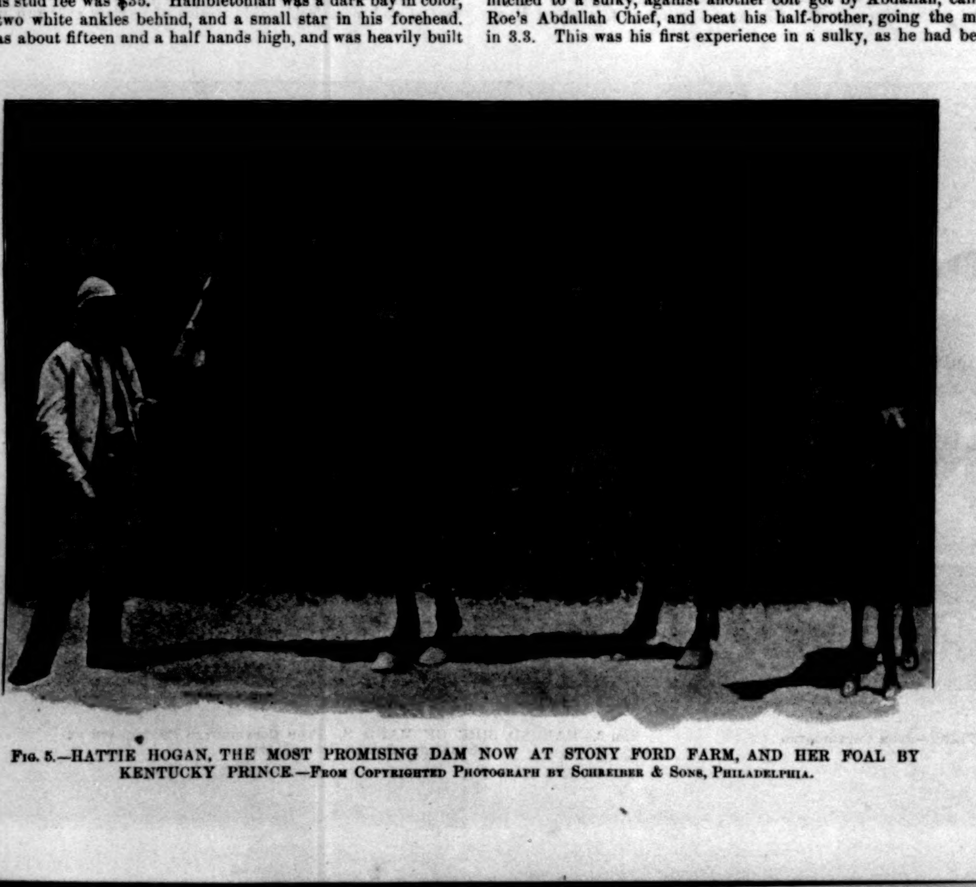


Fig. 5.—HATTIE HOGAN, THE MOST PROMISING DAM NOW AT STONY FORD FARM, AND HER FOAL BY KENTUCKY PRINCE.—From Copyrighted Photograph by Schreiber & Sons, Philadelphia.

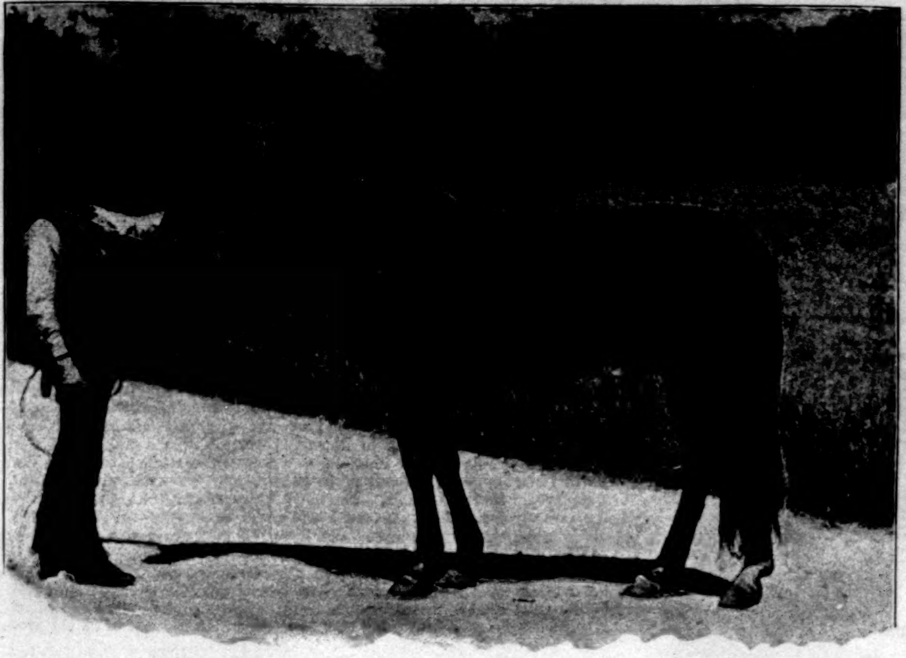


FIG. 7.—KENTUCKY PRINCE, BY CLARK CHIEF, THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE STONY FORD STUD.
FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

FIG. 8.—BEATRICE, DAM OF PATRON, 2.14¾, NOW AT PARKVILLE FARM, LONG ISLAND.

fact set the watchful breeders to thinking, and while the breeding of Harold is first-class, running back twice to Abdallah, a great share of credit has been accorded to the sire of the dam of Maud S. a gray stallion called Pilot, Jr. This horse was got by Pilot, a horse supposed to be of Canadian origin, and his dam, Nancy Pope, though she gave evidence of good breeding, had no authentic pedigree. Pilot, Jr., was at one time kept at Woodburn Farm, and while there was bred to Sally Russell, a mare by the famous running horse Boston. The produce was Miss Russell, the dam of Maud S.; and the same mare bred twice to Belmont, a son of Alexander's Abdallah, produced the chestnut horse Nutwood, one of the most successful sires now living, with a record of 2.18¾, and Cora Belmont, another fast mare, that has trotted in 2.24½. This not only shows Miss Russell to be a great broodmare, but places Pilot, Jr., in the front rank among sires of dams.

To return to Rysdyk's Hambletonian and his sons, two at least deserve more than passing notice. In the third year of his stud service Hambletonian was bred to Lady Patriot, a mare of principally thorough-bred origin. The colt passed through several hands, and was finally purchased by Alden Goldsmith, a farmer living at Washingtonville, a few miles from Chester. Mr. Goldsmith was a man of good education, and possessed of rare genius as a horseman. He was in ordinary circumstances when he decided he would like to own the bay colt by Hambletonian out of Lady Patriot, and Edwin Thorne, a wealthy horseman of Millbrook, Dutchess County, joined him in the venture. The young stallion had been in Brooklyn, and Mr. Goldsmith brought him back to Orange County. He was then called Young Hambletonian; but Mr. Rysdyk, who had conceived an intense dislike for Lady Patriot and her colt, made strong objections to the name, and, by consent of Mr. Thorne, Mr. Goldsmith changed it to Volunteer, the new name being suggested by the advent of the war of the Rebellion. Despite the strong opposition of Mr. Rysdyk, who was naturally jealous of Hambletonian's fame, Volunteer forced his way to recognition by the breeders, aided by Mr. Goldsmith's keen business methods. Though Mr. Rysdyk did not live to see it, the stallion he so much despised got a colt that eclipsed the performance of Dexter and all other previous trotters, and became for a time king of the turf. This was St. Julien, foaled in 1869, out of a mare by Harry Clay, a stallion whose daughters have proved a good cross with the Hambletonian strain. Up to St. Julien's time the best mile on record was 2.13¼, made in 1878 by Rarus, a gelding of obscure breeding. Two years later, at Hartford, Conn., St. Julien trotted in 2.11¼, and the fame of Volunteer was assured. Mr. Goldsmith, who had spent the best years of his life in developing and making a reputation for the colts got by Volunteer, had at last been rewarded by the highest honors achievable on the turf, and he at once placed the stallion's fee at $500. Volunteer's stock are not only fast, but are also of wonderful endurance, due no doubt to the amount of thorough-bred blood he inherited, and they have been appropriately called "the game-cocks of the trotting turf." He got twenty-six trotters and two pacers with fast records, and his descendants continue to beget a superior breed of horses that are eagerly sought for racing purposes on account of their gameness. Volunteer's history has another parallel with that of Hambletonian, in that he outlived his owner, as Mr. Goldsmith died in 1886, while the horse, for whom he labored so faithfully and well, lived till December 12, 1888, having reached the unusual age of thirty-five years. Mr. Goldsmith left two sons, to whom he gave a good education, and then caused them to devote themselves to the business of training and driving. One of them, James H. Goldsmith, ranks among the most skilful reinsmen in the world; and his brother, John Goldsmith, who went to California some years ago, has been equally successful on the other side of the continent.

Another son of Hambletonian that has had a most important influence on the breed of trotters was the brown colt foaled in 1856, already referred to as Robert Fillingham, the conqueror of Ethan Allen. This stout young trotter was bred at Newburgh on the Hudson, and his dam, Dolly Spanker, was a fast road-mare, whose pedigree has never been fully established, though it is now claimed that she was got by Henry Clay, a black stallion of Bashaw stock, and the great-grandsire of Harry Clay that got the dam of St. Julien. When a colt, Robert Fillingham became the property of Z. E. Simmons, a shrewd horseman of New York, who soon discovered that he was a horse of rare quality. After trotting a number of races the stallion's name was changed to George Wilkes, in honor of the founder of the *Spirit of the Times*, and he was kept on the turf for a few years longer, during which time he obtained a record of 2.22, and was accounted the most resolute trotter of his time. He was then placed in the stud, and got several foals in and about New York. In 1873 he was taken to Lexington, Kentucky, but as he was of small size, and was thought to have been worn out on the turf, he went begging for patronage. In time, however, his potency as a sire earned for him a recognition, and at the time of his death, in 1882, he was the acknowledged king of trotting stallions in the Blue Grass region. Since that time his progeny have continued to add to his fame, and to-day he leads the list of successful sires, with fifty-nine trotters and six pacers that have records of 2.30 or better. The fastest of his get, Harry Wilkes, has trotted in 2.13½, and was the greatest campaigner during his turf career, which was suspended in 1888 on account of lameness. This year he is again in training, and has already been matched to trot against the fast mare Belle Hamlin during the race meeting at Buffalo in August. In the second generation George Wilkes has given further evidence of

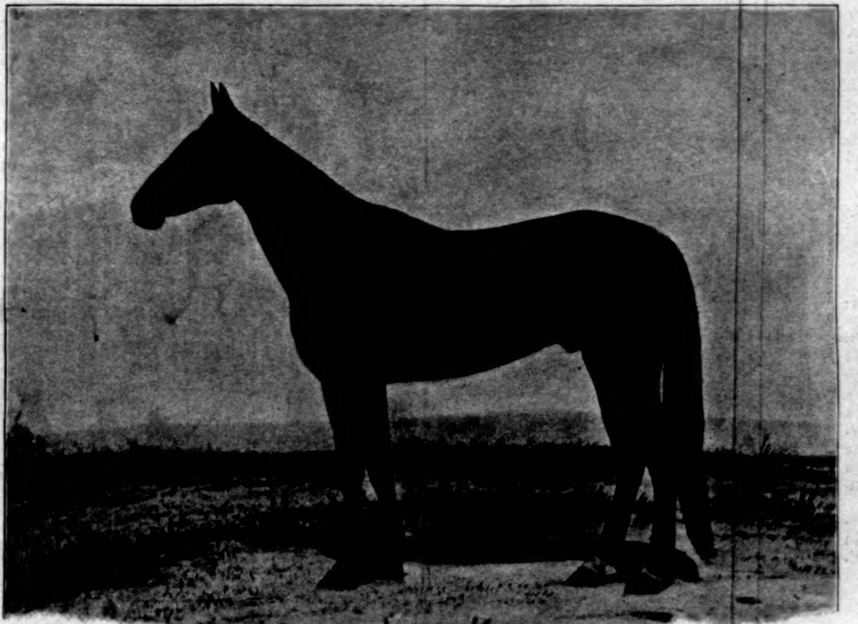


FIG. 9.—GUY, RECORD 2.10¾, BY KENTUCKY PRINCE.—FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY SCHREIBER & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

FIG. 10.—MAYENNE, BY WEDGEWOOD, ONE OF THE BROODMARES AT PARKVILLE FARM, LONG ISLAND.

FIG. 11.—PANDECT, TWO-YEAR-OLD, BY PANCOAST, DAM REINA VICTORIA, BY HAMBLETONIAN.